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DECEMBER 12, 1969

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LETTERS

Ancient, Hideous Fact

Sir: Your story and pictures of the My Lai massacre [Nov. 28] eloquently reveal the ancient, hideous fact: how war so harshly democratizes both oppressor and victim — by depriving each of his privilege and uniqueness as a human being.

DAVID HARSCHIED

Falls Church, Va.

Sir: The trite phrase "My country right or wrong" sounds very hollow in view of the American war atrocities at My Lai. The innocent, helpless civilians so brutally murdered there are another testimony to the fact that "liberty and justice for all" exist only if one happens to be American, wealthy and white. The "great silent majority" must work together morally for those values and ideals that were once held in such high esteem.

(THE REV.) F. O. VILLIEN

Lafayette, La.

Sir: After the Calley affair, how can anyone dare suggest "peace with honor"?

NANCY E. FERCHAK

Baltimore

Sir: Just what the hell is this country coming to? What kind of America is it that sends its men into foreign countries to help uphold the doctrines of freedom, yet will not back these men when they wage war as they have been ordered? No one condones this alleged act of violence, yet one cannot help feeling that this man is being made a scapegoat to ease the minds of those who believe that our position in Viet Nam is unethical.

CHARLES G. MICHAL

Newport News, Va.

Sir: I, who detest violence of any kind, would deem it an honor to be in the firing squad to mete out their just due to the murdering cowards of the C Company of the 11th Infantry Brigade. My only regret would be that I would not have the advantage of the element of surprise that these merciless killers had in the slaughter of the innocent people of My Lai.

(MRS.) NAOMI S. FOX

Burlington, Mass.

Sir: I just watched the television coverage of the Pinkville atrocity, and for the first time I am bitterly ashamed to be an American. All I could do was mutter helplessly, "God damn them! God damn them!"

DONALD S. METZ

Deerfield, Ill.

Message Received

Sir: The rejection of Clement Haynsworth [Nov. 28] clearly shows that Congress has gotten the message: while the election of Nixon indicated great disenchantment with Lyndon Johnson, it was not the public mandate for ultraconservatism and political patronage that the Nixon-Agnew forces claim.

ELLIDA KIRK

Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: Should American citizens expect a lower standard of ethics from their Senators and Representatives than from their Supreme Court Justices? I think not.

Is there a single member of either House who could have stood up to the scrutiny of his personal affairs and come out with as whole a skin as Judge Haynsworth? The height of hypocrisy was the no vote

of Senator Dodd of Connecticut, a man whose financial dealings should have ousted him from the Senate.

D. S. HUTCHINSON

Guadalajara, Mexico

Sir: I'll bet the Senate barber shop is putting in some extra chairs in anticipation of a huge increase in business. Surely, after what some Senators did to Judge Haynsworth, they won't be able to ever look in the mirror again.

HELEN M. NICOLA

Seattle

Burnt Cookie

Sir: Mr. Agnew will never fit your cookie cutter. Your unprofessional and in-temperate language proves that he has reached you and your TV buddies.

RAYMOND F. BABUICH

Buffalo

Sir: When this country cries out for a unifying force that can only come with thoughtful and perceptive leadership, Mr. Agnew responds with shallow invective and inflammatory theatrics.

SALLY FREED

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir: Agnew did not cut the deck between constitutional freedom or Machiavellian censorship; rather, he spread the cards on the table to reveal any irresponsible freedom or censorship that might "already exist." Perhaps such a critical hand might be just helpful enough to bluff the aim of some joker's camera or steady a film editor's slippery scissors that can hack and hack history in one snip.

I'm betting that a "Spiro T" is not an anachronistically rare model of the Edsel dynasty, but rather a concerned leader interested in creating conscious conscience.

JOHN W. SPAKOWSKI

West Orange, N.J.

Sir: Wasn't it Adlai Stevenson who said: "Flattery is fine but don't inhale"?

Inhale? Gentlemen of the press, you have hyperventilated.

MARY C. HAMILTON

Strykersville, N.Y.

Sir: As psyched up as Johnson became over criticism, he never stooped to intimidation of the news media. Nixon sure knows how to alienate a guy.

J.O.A. ADAMS

Olean, N.Y.

Sir: Has the President the right to appeal for unity on an issue that he feels is dangerously divisive without contending with a formidable array of soothsayers (all, strangely enough, with one voice) waiting to tell the populace to disregard the President and listen to them instead?

When the President announces his intention to speak to the citizenry on a matter of national concern, it is the President's audience gathered in front of their TV sets. It is therefore presumption, bordering on arrogance, that network officials feel it is within their province to select certain well-known commentators who will also address the nation immediately after the President's remarks and advise the people that the President is wrong. This is not reporting the news.

Nonetheless, it is conceded that these men have developed a following that depends on them for political guidance. Mr. Agnew stresses only this: let them guide

on their own time, making it clear that they are editorializing, and finally, let them deliver their criticism on regularly scheduled newscasts, at which time the people are prepared for such things.

E. T. GENDRON

Wantagh, N.Y.

Sir: At last! We candid slobos against abject surrender to force, who characterize ourselves as realists, have found a spokesman in Spiro.

BOB WIGGINS

Joseph, Ore.

Basic Human Rights

Sir: Hoorary for Judge Gerhard Gesell. I applaud his decision declaring Washington, D.C.'s abortion laws [Nov. 21] unconstitutional. I sincerely hope that the U.S. Supreme Court will agree with his decision and not get hung up on the questionable rights of the fetus. The rights of an individual female human being must come first. A woman should have the right to make decisions about her body whether the decision is in regard to the contents of her womb, the teeth in her head, or any organs of her body. As if the basic human rights involved are not enough to justify striking the abortion laws, there is always the impending threat of overpopulation, which in itself is reason enough.

(MRS.) KATHERINE MANN

Janesville, Wis.

Sir: The so-called right of women to have abortions is easily cited in these times of increasing liberties for the individual. But few articles consider the very real right of the unborn child to life. One cannot ignore the problems, both mental and physical, that occur with the expectation of a child begotten by a rap-

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ist or a baby that will be deformed. Nor can the existence of so many harmful amateur abortions be dismissed. But to take away the rights of the unborn child is too drastic a solution. Whatever views people hold in this matter, they ought to fully consider where this new course of liberalization leads and how it will affect their view of human life, a value that Americans feel they hold particularly dear.

RALPH BABUSCI JR.

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sir: Thank heavens that at last it's beginning to look as though women will be given the opportunity to decide whether or not to bear children. I sometimes wonder how many young girls "in trouble" have gone off to meet an abortionist in some warehouse—sometimes to bleed to death—because of the stupidity of the abortion laws. How many thousands of kids have gotten married because "they had to"? How many children were born into families where they just weren't wanted?

I think that there should be no abortion law at all—I think it should be one of our most basic and human rights not to have children if we don't want to.

(MRS.) ANN MILLER

Arlington, Va.

Weakest Link

Sir: We must correct the erroneous impression that "a single shot through the highly pressurized skin of a jetliner could cause a plane to explode in flight" [Nov. 21]. It is doubtful if a man could physically carry enough small arms ammunition on board to cause the aircraft to "explode." Each bullet hole would cause the

pressurization system to pump more air into the cabin. The noise level would certainly increase, but it would take literally hundreds of bullet holes to exceed the capacity of the system.

I speak as a 25-year airline pilot, a former national officer of the pilots association and currently a jet captain; the design of the airframe and the redundancy of the systems preclude catastrophic failure as a result of small arms fire. Our reluctance to resist stems from the vulnerability of the pilots. We, not the aircraft, are the weak link in the resistance chain. We do not advocate a "shoot-out at 30,000 ft.," but we must encourage rational resistance to epidemic air piracy.

RICHARD FLOURNOY

Princeton, N.J.

Onward to Destiny

Sir: The women's liberation movement [Nov. 21] of which I am a part is not militant or segregationist. With the encouragement of our husbands, we are working to eliminate discrimination, create the opportunity for women to develop their intellect to its full fruition, and encourage women to make their own decisions governing their destinies. The Aunt Tabbies not only prefer the security of their pseudosexistence, denying their talents and creativity, but fight tooth and nail to prevent any progress. Hopefully, your article will pry open some closed minds.

(MRS.) MAUREEN BALL

Springfield, Ohio

Sir: While it's certainly true that women are not being paid the same wages as men or accorded the same business ac-

men, it is also true that no man likes a "smart-ass broad." Women were meant to be lovers, not fighters.

NINA VERMILLION

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: You imply that men want "cows" for wives and mothers of their children. The man of today wants more. He wants an educated, pretty, sexy and stimulating cow.

In England they call us "birds" because all we have ever been good for is mindless nest building.

CLAIRE H. EICHINGER

Fredericksburg, Va.

Sir: For too long our social system has taught men to get what they want through character and ability, and women to get what they want by pleasing men. Second-class citizenship for women is perpetuated by labeling the resultant, conditioned traits as "masculine" and "feminine" and proceeding to worship them.

VICKY D. FRIEND

Olympia, Wash.

Sir: I just want all of those American men to know that I, for one, am a sexy, gorgeous woman who considers it a pleasure to take care of my man and make him happy. I know too many uptight, sour, miserable "career girls" like some of the homey examples used to illustrate your article. No thanks. (I'm an American, but I still like men!)

MAGGIE TAPERT

Munich, West Germany

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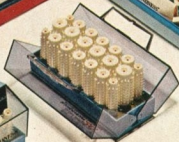
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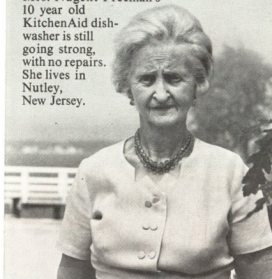
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 12, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 24

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Saving Virtue

It could almost be the title for an Allen Drury novel: *Apologize and Repudiate*. The U.S. used that transparent device last week to free Captain David Crawford, Warrant Officer Malcolm Loepe and SP4 Herman Hofstatter, the three helicopter crewmen shot down over North Korea in August. The American representative at Panmunjom, a Marine major general, signed a Communist-drafted document, confessing to a "criminal act" and to infringing upon North Korean sovereignty. The general then announced that "there was no criminal act or intentional infiltration." He acted, he said, "in the humanitarian interest of securing the release of these men."

The U.S. went through almost exactly the same ritual a year ago to spring Commander Lloyd Bucher and the 81 other surviving *Pueblo* crewmen. However laudable the end, the routine is disquieting: a nation's word ought not to be solemnly pledged and then disavowed. Yet the technique has the virtue of saving face for both sides, and suggests that the U.S. may be acquiring the sophistication of Oriental civilizations. There may be a touch of this in President Nixon, who combines rhetoric about success in Viet Nam with steady U.S. troop withdrawals.

Not that Nixon is nearly so Oriental as Senator George Aiken, who half seriously suggested that the U.S. end the war by simply declaring itself the victor and pulling out. The ancient Greeks would have understood even that. Wrote Aeschylus: "God is not opposed to deceit in a righteous cause."

Equal Time for Eden

The U.S. Supreme Court last year struck down a 40-year-old Arkansas law forbidding the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution. Even Tennessee, scene of the 1925 "monkey trial" of John Scopes, finally repealed its anti-Darwin statute in 1967. Now some conservative members of the California Board of Education, joined by Public Instruction Superintendent Max Rafferty, want to redraw the state's education guidelines so that evolution is not the only theory of man's origins included in California textbooks. Rafferty and his fellow fundamentalists want equal time for the Garden of Eden and the rest of the biblical account of creation so that the children can decide for themselves between the *Book of Genesis* and Darwin's Revised Standard Version of creation.

Dr. Ralph Gerard, a University of California biologist who helped devise a new science curriculum for California schools, wondered aloud: "Should both views of the origin of man be presented, and the children allowed to decide? Should a scientific course on reproduction also mention the stork theory?"

269-01-6697 and 1984

To any citizen confounded by all the numbers—from social security, bank accounts, credit cards, car registration and driver's license, telephones, payroll, zip code—he finds attached to his name, there is not even nominal consolation in a new decision of the Ohio District Court of Appeals. Paul Ferguson, 57, of Columbus, was appealing his conviction for trying to pass a forged check; he had used someone else's social security card to cash the check, and his lawyers were contending that under the *Miranda* ruling limiting police interrogations Ferguson had been improperly induced to admit that the social security card was not his.

Not so, ruled the court. Clearly, law officers can ask a suspect his name, and if they can do that, they can ask his social security number as well. Said Judge Horace Troop (269-01-6697), with Judge Robert Holmes (284-16-9567) and Judge Robert Leach (330-40-5373) concurring: "In this modern day, name and social security number are in practice interchangeable. A citizen is no longer just a name. He is at once also a number. We are but a very short step removed from the issuance of a number with a birth certificate. To be a man without a number is hopelessly confusing."



ALLIED TROOPS

VIET NAM:

EXCEPT for the Communists, America's worst enemy in Viet Nam has been American official optimism. Years of miserable stalemate have been accompanied by overblown pronouncements from Saigon and Washington about how well the war was going. Credibility gapped in the Johnson Administration, when cant phrases like "turning the corner in Viet Nam" and "light at the end of the tunnel" became bitter jokes. In recent months, however, U.S. officials—backed by scattered reports from perennially skeptical journalists—have cautiously begun to spread word that the situation on the ground in Viet Nam looks better than it has at any time since the U.S. buildup began in 1965.

Among themselves, the officials are not always even cautious. "We are winning going away," one field-grade officer in Viet Nam wrote to a Pentagon colleague last week. Not long ago a presidential aide mused: "The reports from the field are so incredibly good that we don't talk about them. We don't dare." Thus the optimistic talk is muffled. "Nobody around here is going into a dream world," an Administration expert insists. "Washington has been through this many times before." The American generals in Viet Nam, from U.S. Commander Creighton Abrams on down, sedulously forgo the kind of broad statements that Abrams' predecessor, General William Westmoreland, was wont to make—and still occasionally utters (see TIME Essay, page 26). Westmoreland seriously underestimated the adverse effect of the 1968 Tet offensive, which he called a triumph for the U.S., upon public opinion at home. And there are more substantive reasons for their caution. The progress that they see—in the lowered level of the violence, in pacification of the countryside, in turning over the fighting to the South Vietnamese army—does not mean that the enemy has been routed from the field. A conventional military victory is as remote now as it was two years ago.

Rather, explains TIME Saigon Bureau



U.S. HELICOPTER CREWMEN AT PANMUNJOM
Repeating the bizarre ritual.



IN VIET NAM BATTLE



MARINE WITH VILLAGE WELL HE HELPED BUILD

THE NEW, UNDERGROUND OPTIMISM

Chief Marsh Clark, "the enemy is increasingly unable to achieve his own aims, which are military victory and overthrow of the Thieu government. The chance of success for the often repeated U.S. object in Viet Nam—to guarantee the South Vietnamese the right of self-determination, free from outside aggression—has vastly improved during the past year, because gradually an environment has been created in which the South Vietnamese can fend for themselves."

High-ranking U.S. officers in Saigon point out that main-force enemy units have been driven away from population centers. No major city in South Viet Nam has undergone an important attack this year. The strongest enemy divisions are now clustered along the Laotian and Cambodian borders. Local guerrillas and sappers still manage daily forays inland, but American officials argue that at the moment the enemy capacity for full-scale offensives appears drastically reduced.

A Trend. More roads are opened monthly; highway drives that would have been considered suicidal two years ago can now be made as a matter of course. Sir Robert Thompson, who led the victory over Communist guerrillas in Malaya and is now a Rand Corp. consultant, recently returned to Viet Nam to sound out the situation for President Nixon. He told the President last week, says a White House official, "that things felt much better and smelled much better over there."

By most of the familiar statistical indications, there is evidence of improvement for the U.S.

PACIFICATION. As of the end of October, this year, 92% of South Viet Nam's 17,424,900 people live in "relatively secure" areas v. 42% in January 1968; at the same time, the proportion of hamlets under Viet Cong control has dropped from 30% to 3.2%. The 92% figure includes "A" hamlets, where the V.C. apparatus has been eliminated; "B" hamlets, where the V.C. threat has been largely neutralized; and

"C" hamlets, which are subject only to infrequent V.C. harassment. Some students of the war have long questioned the accuracy and significance of pacification statistics. "You may not believe the 92%," a U.S. mission official concedes, "but the basis on which it is reported is exactly the same on which we reported far lower figures earlier in the game." Thus even if the numbers are off, they nonetheless reflect a trend.

DEFECTIONS. Since the *Chieu Hoi* (open arms) program was begun in 1963, the number of defectors to the Saigon government has risen from 11,248 that year to 43,599 so far this year. Much of the big jump in 1969 comes from a sharp increase in the Mekong Delta, where ARVN troops have made new, deeper sweeps. The countrywide total for October was 5,615, the largest ever in a single month.

INFILTRATION. In 1968, the annual rate was about 140,000, and so far this year it is running about the same. On the allied side, while the South Vietnamese forces are rising in numbers, equipment and training levels, desertions continue to plague ARVN; paradoxically, some of the highest desertion rates turn up in the best South Vietnamese divisions—perhaps because they are doing the most fighting.

VIETNAMIZATION. That the South Vietnamese are taking a bigger part of the combat load shows up in the fact that they are now taking consistently more than 80% of allied casualties. For the last week in November, U.S. deaths were down to -70, the lowest since the beginning of October. However, the enemy has been relatively quiescent in recent months; the effectiveness of Vietnamization so far has still to be seriously tested.

The big unknown factor is the enemy's motivation. Are the North Vietnamese really exhausted? Or are they simply conserving their manpower, certain that the U.S. is pulling out anyway? Could they press harder if they wanted to? No one knows for sure. Their supply lines are in good order, al-

though some people in Saigon argue that U.S. probing has kept the Communists from building up the supply bases within South Viet Nam that they would need for full-scale attacks. The enemy is no less numerous than he was a year ago. Viet Cong forces still number more than 100,000. The North Vietnamese troop levels in South Viet Nam are estimated to be between 100,000 and 110,000. That is 40,000 less than at the end of 1968—but 40,000 enemy soldiers are reportedly clustered just over the border in Laos and Cambodia, poised for a possible offensive.

Untested Progress. The annual pattern of post-monsoon enemy infiltration and regrouping is already repeating itself, pointing again to the chance of another major push around the time of *Tet* in early February. "If he wants to," an officer at General Abrams' Saigon headquarters admits, "the enemy can disrupt all our plans. We've made gains. Progress has definitely been made. But will it hold up if it is threatened by the enemy? That is the question we're all asking ourselves, and there is really no way to find out without putting it to the test of an all-out offensive." If the U.S. and the South Vietnamese manage to turn back such an offensive when it comes—or if the enemy holds off such an attack—President Nixon will have gained more time to try to work the U.S. out of Viet Nam on his terms.

While the President would like to announce a further troop withdrawal by the end of the year—perhaps 40,000 to 50,000 men, which would put the total number tagged in 1969 for pullout at or just over 100,000—it became evident last week that the American command now wants him to hold the next withdrawal to around 35,000 men. What Nixon finally decides to do may depend on the conclusions of the independent survey team that National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger recently dispatched to Viet Nam to assess just how solid all the good news from there really is.

PROBING THE MASSACRE PROBE

THE U.S. Army last week began investigating its own investigation of the My Lai massacre. Two floors below ground level in the Pentagon's Army Operations Center, Lieut. General William R. Peers, who has been assigned to find out whether the Army originally whitewashed the affair, quizzed some of the key figures. Lieut. William Calley, charged with the murder of 109 civilians, testified for four hours, then stonily ignored questions from reporters outside the hearing room. Peers' panel also called Colonel Oran K. Henderson, commander of the brigade in which the accused C Company operated in March of 1968, and Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson Jr., a helicopter pilot who first complained about the killing of civilians in the tragic affair. Both also refused to talk to newsmen.

But one witness called by General Peers was more than willing to get his story across to the public. The man who commanded Charlie Company when it attacked My Lai, Captain Ernest Medina, appeared in Washington with flamboyant Attorney F. Lee Bailey at his side. Bailey convinced Army officials that even though other potential witnesses were under court orders not to discuss the case, Medina should be allowed publicly to refute accounts given by some members of his company about his role on that fateful morning of March 16. In a Washington press conference and a televised interview with CBS's Mike Wallace, Medina emerged as an articulate professional soldier, concerned not only about his own reputation but also about that of the Army, angry at the press for what he called its "very biased" reporting of My Lai.

Hot Landing Zone. Questioned by Wallace, Medina, 33, said flatly: "I saw no shooting of any innocent civilians

whatsoever." He also declared: "I did not receive any reports of any atrocity or any shooting of civilians inside the village." The orders he gave his men before the assault, he said, were those he had received from Lieut. Colonel Frank A. Barker Jr., commander of the task force under which Charlie Company was operating. They were, Medina explained, "instructions to destroy the village, to kill the livestock and to engage the 48th V.C. Battalion. I did not give any orders to massacre or shoot any women and children."

As Medina told newsmen, his company had expected to be outnumbered "2 to 1" by the Viet Cong soldiers in the village, and he had been told by intelligence sources that by the time of the attack all the civilians would have left the village to go to nearby markets. He said that the village was shelled by artillery for ten minutes before his company began its airmobile assault. When advance helicopters approached the village, he got a report from a pilot: "The landing zone is hot. We are receiving fire. There are V.C. with weapons running from the village."

Instinctive Firing. Medina said that he remained at the landing zone with a command group and a reserve platoon as two other platoons, including one led by Lieut. Calley, swept through the village. Medina checked out a helicopter report of a "Viet Cong with weapon," he said, and continued: "I did not see any weapon and began to turn away. As I turned, I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye, and I thought, 'Boy, you've had it—you're dead.' And instinctively, as we are trained, I fired two shots." The shots, he said, killed a woman. "I thought she might have had a gun or a grenade." Medina denied having shot any other Vietnamese that day,

including the young boy that one soldier accused him of killing.

While still outside the village, according to Medina, he got a report from his battalion headquarters that "possibly some civilians had been shot." He said that he thought the report must have come from a helicopter pilot observing the scene (presumably Thompson). Then, as he told it, he radioed his platoon leaders "to make sure that no innocent civilians were being shot." He entered the village only after the shooting stopped, or about three hours after the attack began, he recalled, and there he found "20 to 28" civilian bodies. He said that he assumed they had been killed by the artillery shelling, fire from helicopter gunships or small-arms fire on the ground. He did not inspect the entire village, he declared, and could not be sure there were no other bodies. Medina was not asked why an Army publication issued the next day claimed that "128 enemy" had been killed.

Suspicious. While Medina's account sharply challenges the stories some men of his company have related about his role in the affair, it confirms the report that Medina's immediate superiors were concerned that unnecessary killing might have taken place that day. The task-force commander, Colonel Barker, cannot be questioned, since he was killed in action three months later. Medina gives no indication that he thoroughly investigated these suspicions. He told Wallace that none of his men talked about "any atrocity" after the attack. But he also told Wallace that he had advised his men after the action "that it would be best if they did not discuss it among themselves, if they did not discuss it with anybody else, that there was an investigation being conducted, and that it should be discussed with the investigators and nobody else."

Why should so many members of Charlie Company now claim that an



MEDINA



PEERS

One was more than willing to talk.



CALLEY

atrocities did indeed occur at My Lai? Medina obliquely cited three possible reasons: "There were certain individuals who have made statements for which they have been paid. Certain dissident groups have welcomed the chance to speak out against the military. There are certain individuals I had disciplinary problems with." A 13-year veteran of Army service, Medina has earned 13 decorations, including a Silver and Bronze Star in Viet Nam. Born in Springfield, N.M., he grew up with grandparents in Montrose, Colo., after his mother died when he was three months old. Apparently he rarely saw his father, now a Utah sheep rancher. Medina is married and has three children.

A major aim of the Pentagon investigation by General Peers is to find out why it took more than a year for word of the atrocity to reach Washington. One of the Pentagon's leading experts on guerrilla warfare, Peers was selected because he had commanded a division in Viet Nam but had no connection with the involved American Division. From what the Army has revealed so far, no suggestion that the My Lai deaths might have amounted to a massacre got past the American Division headquarters in Viet Nam. The only on-scene alarm seemingly was voiced by Helicopter Pilot Thompson. Within a few days, the brigade commander, Colonel Henderson, quizzed Medina and some of his troops. He reported orally to the division commander, Major General Samuel Koster, that about 20 noncombatants had been killed by advance shelling and in crossfire between U.S. and Viet Cong forces. He was asked to put that in writing on April 24, 1968. Henderson, at Koster's request, then asked Barker to investigate formally, and Barker's report, equally limited, was accepted by Koster; the report apparently did not even reach the top Army command in Saigon.

Presidential Go-Ahead. It thus seems likely that the Johnson Administration was unaware of the incident. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford and Vice President Hubert Humphrey state that they never heard about it while in office. Nixon's Defense Secretary, Melvin Laird, contends that not even General William Westmoreland, the American commander in Viet Nam at the time, heard about it until this year.

Washington seems to have been alerted for the first time by letters mailed on April 2, 1969, by Viet Nam Veteran Ronald Ridenhour. As Army Chief of Staff, Westmoreland ordered a full Pentagon investigation on April 23. As a result of that investigation, Laird says, he personally informed President Nixon in August that "we would have to court-martial Calley for murder—and the President told me to go right ahead." On Sept. 5, the charges were announced, but with no mention of how many killings were involved. It was not until November that journalists learned of the magnitude of the tragedy.

My Lai from Abroad

IN most countries friendly to the United States, the initial horror and revulsion over news of the My Lai massacre had by last week turned to more quiet dismay and introspection. Editorial and public response, while not forgiving, was philosophical. Typical was Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, which sadly noted: "Every country on the old continent has a fine collection of skeletons in the cupboard."

In West Germany, the magazine *Der Stern* asked Nürnberg War Crimes Prosecutor Robert Kempner, a naturalized American citizen, how My Lai would have been judged. Had there been such evidence in 1945, he said, the guilty would have been tried—no matter which parties had been involved.

The fact that the U.S. Government was finally—and firmly—coming to grips with the crime impressed many. At the NATO ministerial conference in Brussels, Secretary of State William Rogers acknowledged the Administration's shock and expressed hope that justice would be served.

British press and politicians had reacted immediately, and emotionally, to the massacre. The editor of the liberal, antiwar *New Statesman* wrote that "responsibility for the Pinkville massacre—and for how many others?—lies squarely with the American nation as a whole." By contrast, *The Economist* rationalized that whenever a country goes to war, "it is statistically almost inevitable that some of its men will do something atrocious."

The vociferous left wing of Prime Minister Wilson's Labor Party is trying to pressure him into dissociating Britain from U.S. policy in Viet Nam. Public reaction was relatively mild. The American embassy received only about 50 letters.

The Communist world was predictably condemnatory. In Moscow, a statement was signed by 24 Soviet intellectuals, including Composer Dmitri Shostakovich and Nobel Physicist Nikolai Semenov. The words chosen by these brilliant men were singularly shrill: "The U.S. military followed in the tracks of the Nazi criminals." In East Germany, about 50,000 youths gathered to protest the American presence in Viet Nam. The Peking press made do with reprinting the official Hanoi government line berating the U.S. for killing "suckling babies and disemboweling pregnant women."

In the end, if any reaction to the massacre of My Lai was shared by honest men, it was that the world expects the worst from warriors—even American warriors. "We have had our share of atrocities," declared the Japan Times. My Lai was yet another "grisly example of the brutalization that overtakes men in war."

TAXES

The Christmas Tree Bill

IN any ranking of urgent domestic priorities, dealing with inflation is clearly first. For the moment at least, it is more urgent than even the task of providing urban housing or filling other social needs. For that reason, probably the last thing the U.S. needs right now is a tax cut, however popular the idea. A cut would stimulate consumer spending, probably deny the Nixon Administration a budget surplus as a means of cooling off the economy, and throw the whole burden of combatting inflation onto a continued tight-money policy—to the distress of both home buyers and businessmen. In the longer run, a tax cut would absorb much of any "peace dividend" from lower spending on Viet Nam, thus dissipating funds that are needed to meet the pressing needs of the cities.

Yet last week the Senate passed a massive tax cut, the biggest since 1964, to take effect at the worst possible time for the economy. "A matchless performance in fiscal irresponsibility," declared the Administration's phrasemaker, Vice President Spiro Agnew, in a New Orleans speech. Many others agreed with him. Vermont's Senator George Aiken protested that "this Christmas tree is getting overloaded." Delaware's Senator John Williams, speaking with the objectivity of a politician who is retiring next year, blamed the "100 Santa Clauses" in the Senate. Added Williams: "When the American people get the bill, they'll be laboring for years to pay for it."

Failed Test. Unless the Senate bill is drastically revised in a House-Senate conference, it will provide a tax cut for individual taxpayers of \$4 billion next year, minus whatever new revenue comes from tax reforms. Among other Christmas tree ornaments: a 15% boost in Social Security benefits, half again the amount the Administration had approved and without any increase in rates, plus new minimum monthly payments of \$100 for single persons and \$150 for couples. The new minimums, up from an intolerably low \$55 and \$82.50, would be paid by deductions from earnings up to \$12,000 a year instead of the present \$7,800—starting in 1973.

The Senate was, in effect, stampeded by an amendment proposed by Senator Albert Gore, who faces a tough election battle next year. By raising personal exemptions from \$600 per person to \$800, the Gore amendment would reduce taxes by 61% for a family of four earning \$5,000 a year, by 27% for a family earning \$7,500. Ignoring President Nixon's warning that Gore's proposals failed "the test of fiscal responsibility," the Senate last week passed them by a vote of 58 to 37.

The Administration shared the blame for misjudging the political appeal of the Gore amendment. Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy had pro-

posed a compromise, raising exemptions more gradually and with far less inflationary effect. But he failed to win the support of the Administration. When the Senate spurned Percy's amendment, Minority Leader Hugh Scott angrily took to the floor to denounce political blundering by the Treasury and, implicitly, by the White House. "The Treasury," he said, "has gone down to a resounding and, I suppose, glorious defeat. I do hope that my Administration will listen the next time we try to advise them that legislatively we understand more about tactics and strategy than they do."

Diminished Symbol. The Senate did make a modest start on tax reform, and further amendments were held over for voting this week. The 27½% oil depletion allowance, which has stood as a symbol of tax privilege since the Administration of Calvin Coolidge, was reduced to 23% in the Senate, a kinder cut than the House version, which put the allowance at 20%. The difference—which amounts to about \$100 million in tax revenues for each percentage point—will be resolved in conference. But neither the House nor the Senate ventured to restrict the oilmen's privilege to deduct for depletion long after the costs of drilling have been recovered many times over.

The Senate bill also breaches the real estate tax havens. At the price of slowing down construction, it would trim back rapid depreciation of new commercial buildings and deny tax advantages to later buyers. The rich would also be partially denied some of their favorite ways of avoiding taxes, most notably unlimited charity deductions, the right to cultivate tax losses on "hobby" farms, and the right to deduct the market value of donated stock or goods

bought years ago at lower prices. To ensure that no one escapes taxes entirely, the bill requires that taxes be paid on at least 50% of all income. The Senate also blunted the effect of a presidential measure approved by the House: the repeal of the 7% tax credit that businessmen can claim on new equipment. The Administration wants to abolish



ALBERT GORE
Triumphant target.

the credit in order to slow down a capital-investment boom, but the Senate voted to exempt all equipment purchases under \$20,000—an amendment that would cost \$720 million of the \$6.5 billion in revenue that the Administration hopes to gain from the bill.

President Nixon has threatened to veto any tax bill that contains too great a revenue loss, but he has left undefined the question of how much is too much. The Administration is counting on Democrat Mills to restore some of the lost revenues when the bill comes up in a Senate-House conference. The hope may prove illusory. Tax cutting is as popular in the House as it is in the Senate, and Mills says only that "I'm not ruling out anything."

Congressional leaders are convinced that they can easily pass the tax cut by the two-thirds majority required to override any presidential veto. As a further complication, the bill contains an extension to next July 1 of the 5% surcharge that Nixon has requested as an anti-inflationary measure. Thus the congressional Democrats have the best of all political—if not economic—worlds. If Nixon signs the bill, they can claim credit for tax reduction and blame the Administration for inflation. If he vetoes it, they can blame him for both inflation and high taxes. Last week Mills promised that the President would receive the final results of Congress's labors before Christmas.



HUGH SCOTT
Glorious defeat.

POVERTY

Food as the First Priority

The White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health was going to be different from other Government-sponsored meetings in the past, promised Richard Nixon. This time, he said, there would be action, not just talk. But many of the 3,000 delegates gathered last week in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel were not convinced. With its 26 study groups, eight task forces and diffuse agenda, the massive meeting lacked coherence. The urgency and anger felt by the representatives of the poor often seemed in danger of drowning in a sea of professional expertise. Yet out of the potential chaos came a clear-cut demand to end hunger now, which the Administration and Congress should find difficult to ignore.

"There is a hunger and malnutrition emergency in this country today," resolved the conference. "Therefore, the President must immediately declare that a national hunger emergency exists and, under existing authority, must now free funds and implement programs to feed all hungry Americans this winter." After sounding that clarion for the immediate future, the conference went on to insist that "the overriding remedy for hunger and malnutrition is a minimum guaranteed adequate cash income with a floor of \$5,500 annually (for a family of four)." The delegates also called for expansion and reform of existing food programs; the creation of a plan to provide all schoolchildren with a free, nutritious breakfast and lunch; and the transfer of existing food programs from the Agriculture Department to Health, Education and Welfare—and local administration of all these operations by the poor.

Vast Gulf. In developing these priorities, the delegates demonstrated an amazing ability to cut through rhetoric to cruel reality: there are an estimated 15 million underfed Americans. In fact, the consensus statement seemed almost a victory over the conference format itself, which was encumbered with such panel topics as "Nutrition Teaching in Elementary and High Schools," and "Adults in an Affluent Society."

The President, in his keynote address to the delegates, professed total commitment to eliminating hunger. He said: "On May 6, I asserted to the Congress that 'the moment is at hand to put an end to hunger in America itself for all time.' Speaking for this Administration, I not only accept that responsibility, I claim the responsibility." In the same speech, however, Nixon betrayed a certain insensitivity in an anecdote that unwittingly underlined the vast gulf between the affluent and the hungry in America. Once when he went on a diet, Nixon told the meeting, "the doctor had told me to eat cottage cheese. The difficulty is that I don't like cottage cheese. I took his advice, but I put catsup on it." The catsup story did

not go down well with the poor, whose problem is not dieting. Ralph D. Abner, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, later railed: "I lived with people who couldn't afford cottage cheese or catsup."

Mastering Moynihan. By the second day of the conference, the poor felt increasingly out of touch with the rest of the delegates, many of whom were busy talking about topics only peripherally related to hunger. Fannie Lou Hamer, a Mississippi civil rights leader, walked into a panel discussing legalized abortion and roared: "What the hell has that got to do with feeding hungry people?" As a result of their disaffection, the representatives of the poor held a separate session of their own.

That meeting appeased some of the delegates. However, it was Conference Chairman Dr. Jean Mayer's persuasive politicking in various panel caucuses that led to the ultimate statement of priorities. The debate on what those priorities should be exposed a basic difference of opinion within the Nixon Administration on remedying poverty and hunger. On one side was Counselor to the President Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had developed the Nixon income-support program. That program, Moynihan feared, might be endangered if emphasis on food-distribution reform led to congressional wrangling over funds. Thus Moynihan wanted a guaranteed annual income proposal to get top priority. On the other side, Dr. Jean Mayer wanted the emergency-food resolution to take precedence. In the struggle to corral delegates, Mayer mastered Moynihan.

Charming and Cautious. For Mayer (pronounced My-air) it was an important victory. The conference has clearly advised the President that his first obli-

gation must be to feed the hungry and, only after that is done, to work at achieving an income-maintenance program.

Mayer, 49, is accustomed to battles—and winning. He visited America in 1939 with his father, who headed a French medical and scientific mission to the U.S. When war broke out in Europe, Mayer joined the Free French force-



FANNIE LOU HAMER
Clarion call.

es and served as an officer for three years (1942-1945), winning 14 decorations. After the war, he returned to the U.S. to become an American citizen and to study physiological chemistry at Yale. In 1950 he became a professor of nutrition and public health at Harvard. Alternately charming and cautious, Mayer has proved his political capabilities in the few months that he has spent in Washington as the President's chief adviser on hunger and in organizing last week's conference. Encouraged by the outcome of the meeting, Mayer said, "It has dramatized hunger and poverty for the press, for the Congress, for the readers of newspapers, for professional people in the health services and social agencies, for the farmers and for industry."

Perhaps so, but at week's end the ultimate effect that the conference would have on presidential action was in doubt. A group of conference members met with the President and announced that although Nixon did not seem prepared to declare a national hunger emergency, he had promised rapid action to help ease the crisis. Moynihan disputed this report. On the contrary, he argued, the President had not committed himself to further anti-hunger measures. Moynihan contended that the Administration would most likely stand by current anti-hunger proposals and would strive to begin food-stamp programs in 307 counties in the U.S. that do not now have them.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Request for Repeal

Me and [Stokely] Carmichael can't fill all them camps. They must be planning on taking somebody else.

—H. Rap Brown

For nearly two decades, the President has in fact had at his disposal an ugly antidote to dissent—detention camps. The Internal Security Act of 1950 enables the President to declare an "internal security emergency" and authorize the Attorney General to round up and detain persons believed to be engaged in acts of espionage or sabotage. In 1952, reacting to enormous pressure from the right, Attorney General J. Howard McGrath ordered six detention camps made ready. The camps have never been used as envisioned under the act,* but their very authorization has created among blacks and militant radicals in recent months a paranoia that they might be.

The fear had a number of origins. In May 1968 House Un-American Activities Committee concluded that camps might be used for black militants who espouse "guerrilla warfare." It spread to the antiwar dissenters and campus radicals last spring when Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst was quoted in the *Atlantic* magazine as saying: "If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." Then Vice President Spiro Agnew remarked that "the rotten apples" should be separated from our society.

Something of a Surprise. Last week the Nixon Administration moved to allay these fears and called for repeal of Title II of the Security Act, which provides for the camps. Kleindienst, who has emphatically denied the *Atlantic* quote, was chosen to announce the Administration's proposal. The decision was reached, he said, in hope that it "will allay the fears and suspicions—unfounded as they may be—of many of our citizens."

There has been considerable sympathy on Capitol Hill for doing away with Title II. Hawaii Democratic Senator Daniel K. Inouye, mindful that many Japanese-Americans were shunted off to camps during World War II, has led the attack. Until last week, however, Inouye's cause seemed hopeless. "I was under the impression that Justice was against repeal," he says. Others who directly suggested a repeal of the camp provision to Attorney General John Mitchell in recent weeks came away with the same impression. So the Nixon request was something of a surprise, but one likely to meet with the approval of both houses of Congress.

* They were originally located in Ayon Park, Fla., El Reno, Okla., Allenwood, Pa., Florence and Wickenburg, Ariz., and Tulare, Calif. Three have been sold. Florence and Allenwood are still maintained by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons for short-term convicts. And El Reno is used for cattle grazing.



DR. JEAN MAYER
Persuasive politicking.

RACES

Police and Panthers at War

The lethal undeclared war between the police and the Black Panthers flared up again last week, leaving still another key Panther leader dead. Just before dawn, a team of 14 heavily armed plainclothesmen from the Cook County State's Attorney's office raided a dingy West Side Chicago apartment, looking for a cache of illegal guns. Possessing a search warrant, the officers said that they forced open a barricaded door and were greeted by a shotgun blast. They returned the fire, setting off a furious ten-minute shoot-out with the apartment's occupants.

"There must've been six or seven of them firing," said Sergeant Daniel Groth, leader of the raid. "I asked everyone to lay down their ammunition and throw up their hands. A voice came from the back and said, 'Shoot it out,' and with this, they resumed fire. If 200 shots were exchanged, that would've been nothing."

Viciousness. When it was all over, two Panthers were dead, and of the seven others in the apartment, four were wounded. One officer was wounded. The dead were Illinois Panther Chairman Fred Hampton, 21, and Mark Clark, 22, a downstate leader of the party. The following morning, in a similar raid, ten Chicago tactical-unit cops burst into the South Side apartment of Panther Deputy Defense Minister Bobby Rush and seized a pistol and some ammunition. This time the apartment was empty, and there was no shooting.

State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan defended the raids as necessary "because of the viciousness of the Black Panther Party." But Francis Andrews, a lawyer for the Panthers, charged that Hampton had been "assassinated" by the police. Pictures indicated that Hampton had

been shot in bed; the Panthers claimed that he was asleep, the police that he was firing from the bed. Renault Robinson, president of the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, said that, based on evidence at the scene of the shoot-out, his organization did not believe the official police version of the incident. "We found no evidence that anyone had fired from inside the apartment," he said. "The fact that the door wasn't broken down indicated that someone let them in. If a two-way gun battle had been in progress, there's no way possible that policemen wouldn't have been shot."

Bomb Plot. The shoot-out was the latest in a series of gun battles between Panthers and police throughout the nation. Recent police clashes with Panthers have occurred in San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, St. Louis and Sacramento. Twenty-one Panthers in New York have been charged with plotting to bomb public places. Panthers claim that the police are attempting systematically to destroy their leadership. Hampton was an educated, compelling speaker, popular among young blacks, and under his guidance the organization was growing. The Panthers point out that Rush is next in line to take over in Chicago. His apartment was the one that was raided the following morning.

Charles Garry, a San Francisco lawyer who represents the Panthers, said that the two Chicago deaths brought to 28 the number of Panthers killed in clashes with the police since the beginning of 1968. He revealed plans to go before the United Nations and charge the United States with "genocide" against the Panthers. The black Patrolmen's League joined black community leaders and politicians as well as the American Civil Liberties Union in calling for a probe to determine the facts of Hampton's death.

Unsettling Element. Police officials around the country and Justice Department officials in Washington deny that there is any concerted nationwide drive against the Panthers. "But we obviously keep an eye on them," says an FBI source. The FBI also supplies intelligence to local departments and has been known to participate in raids on Panther headquarters, although both Chicago raids last week were exclusively local affairs. There is no doubt that the Panthers, with their caches of weapons and militant speeches, are an unsettling element in ghettos—and not just to the police. Much of their violence has been spent fighting rival black groups. Because of their willingness to shoot back when attacked, they are often blamed for snipings in black neighborhoods. The Panthers' aim is a Marxist-style radical revolution, though so far there has been more tough talk than provable action.

Whether or not there is a concerted police campaign, the ranks of Panther leadership have been decimated in the past two years. Bobby Hutton, national treasurer, was killed in a battle with Oakland police in April 1968. Huey Newton, minister of defense, is in prison, as is Panther Chairman Bobby Seale. Eldridge Cleaver is a fugitive overseas. Last week David Hilliard, party chief of staff, was arrested on charges of threatening the life of President Nixon. Hilliard had delivered an inflammatory and obscene speech during San Francisco's Mobilization Day rally last month, and at one point had said: "We will kill Richard Nixon. We will kill any mother ----- that stands in the way of our freedom." Said Raymond Masai Hewitt, minister of education: "We speak in the rhetoric of the ghetto and we're not going to change it to suit anybody's Marquess of Queensberry rules." The police seem to feel just as violently about the Panthers.

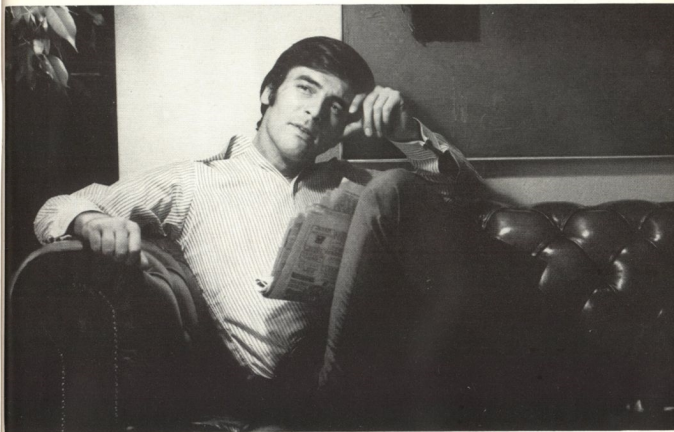


DAVID HILLIARD



FRED HAMPTON

HAMPTON'S BLOODY BED



I can't seem to forget you...
I can't seem to forget you...
Your Wind Song stays on my...
Wind Song stays on my mind.



Wind Song Perfume by Prince Matchabelli

THE DEMON OF DEATH VALLEY

THAT man has wronged me. Society has wronged me. We'll kill whatever pigs are in that house. Go in there and get them." With those raging orders from their Rasputin-like leader, a band of hippies, clad in black, allegedly broke into a secluded Los Angeles home last August. In the orgy of hacking, stabbing and shooting that followed, Starlet Sharon Tate, 26, and four other people were killed. It was one of the grisliest, bloodiest, and apparently most senseless crimes of the century.

Last week Los Angeles police announced that they had solved the five murders and three others as well. If they are correct, the alleged murderers

in the killings himself, but confined himself to directing them.

Miss Atkins said that Manson had ordered the Tate murders on Aug. 9, the murder of Musician Gary Hinman on July 25, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Leno LaBianca on Aug. 10. Hinman was allegedly murdered because he would not turn over \$20,000 that Manson thought he had. Miss Atkins and another Manson follower are charged in that murder. The LaBiancas were picked at random from among the affluent, she said, the night after the Tate murders, just to prove that the killers had not lost their nerve. The Tate victims did not even know Manson. They died,

tale in jail, and another prisoner informed police. Also, Daniel De Carlo, 25, who heads a motorcycle gang, told police that Manson invited him to join in one of the murder excursions.

Commando Forays. Manson is a drifter with a five-page criminal record stretching back 20 years. Born in 1934, to a teen-age mother, he never saw his father. His prostitute parent was often in jail, and young Manson was shifted around from relatives to foster parents to reformatories. As he grew up, he turned to petty crimes, mainly car theft. His education never went beyond the seventh grade. It was during these years that he apparently developed his hatred of the affluent and a loathing for women. In and out of prison, Manson became interested in music and the oc-



KRENWINKEL



PUGH & FROMME

Convinced of the insignificance of individual lives.



ATKINS



MANSON

were even stranger and more bizarre than their crimes. The police case was based on the tale of an accused murderer, Susan Denise Atkins, 21. She sketched out a weird story of a mystical, semi-religious hippie drug-and-murder cult led by a bearded, demonic Mahdi able to dispatch his zombie-like followers, mostly girls wearing hunting knives, to commit at least eight murders and, police say, possibly four others.

Murder Sprees. Three members of the gang were arrested last week: Charles Watson, 23, Patricia Krenwinkel, 22, and Linda Kasabian, 20. The police also were seeking murder indictments against two other "family" members. The suspects, as well as the thin, vacuous Miss Atkins, were all members of a hippie-type gang who styled themselves slaves to their guru-type leader. Miss Atkins, a prosecution witness who hopes to save herself from the gas chamber, claimed that she was present but did not participate in the murders committed by the gang. At least eight members took part in one or another of the murders, say police, although the leader, Charles Manson, 35, did not participate

she said, because Manson, an aspiring songwriter, nursed a grudge against Doris Day's son, Terry Melcher, who refused to have one of Manson's songs recorded. Miss Tate had rented the Melcher house, and Manson ordered everyone in it killed, presumably not even knowing who the tenants at the time were—or caring.

According to Miss Atkins, she, Watson, Mrs. Kasabian and Miss Krenwinkel entered Miss Tate's house and stabbed and shot the occupants: Abigail Folger, the coffee heiress; Voityck Frowkowski, her boy friend; Hollywood Hair Stylist Jay Sebring and Miss Tate. The starlet, 8½ months pregnant, pleaded: "Please let me have my baby," but was stabbed 16 times. Steven Parent, 18, who was visiting the caretaker's cottage, was also killed.

Manson is presently in custody on car-theft charges in Independence, Calif. Los Angeles police are seeking conspiracy and murder indictments against him. The case began to break several weeks ago when Miss Atkins, a former acid-dropper and topless dancer, began to blurt out pieces of her gruesome

cult, and when he was last released in 1967, he headed for San Francisco as a "roving minstrel."

Manson began to gather followers in Haight-Ashbury in 1966, and in 1968 he moved his retinue by bus to Los Angeles to further his music-writing ambitions. Last winter, Manson moved his clan to the Spahn Ranch in western Los Angeles County, and it was from there that they made their alleged commando forays against their affluent victims. Manson busied himself converting stolen cars into dune buggies, and after the ranch was raided in August, he led his followers to their own hell in the inhospitable depths of Death Valley.

Among the greasewood and rattlesnakes, they holed up in run-down cabins and led an indolent, almost savage existence, singing Manson's songs, dancing, swimming in a small pool, stealing cars for cash and picking through garbage for food. Miners in the area reported being chased away by amazons wielding knives. Manson reportedly held an almost hypnotic spell over his followers, who called him "God" and "Satan." His women lolled harem-like

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around the commune nude or bare-breasted, catering to his every whim. One chagrined ranchhand relates discussing business with Manson while one of Manson's girls performed a sex act upon the "guru." But women in the "family" saw him in a different light. "He gave off a lot of magic," said one, Lynn Fromme. "To me, to us, he was everything," added another, Sandy Good Pugh.

A fellow ex-convict from the McNeil Island penitentiary in Washington State said that Manson was a strangely passive person who would sulk if attacked rather than strike back. He tried with considerable success to get others to do his bidding: "He had a certain smile that would always get to people. He tried to hypnotize them. He always got other people to supply him with the necessities."

A man who knew Manson at the Spahn Ranch said that Manson had lured Mrs. Kasabian away from her husband, got her to steal \$5,000 from him and other men at the ranch. When the men caught Manson, "he showed us his big buck knife, with about a twelve-

inch blade, and he asked us if we would like to kill him, just to prove he couldn't die." Manson, said the ranchman, read deeply in Oriental theology, and believed in reincarnation and the insignificance of individual lives. Manson, who is white, "felt the Establishment was the white man, and his karma was to catch up with everybody and shoot all the pigs he saw for, like, enslaving the Negro. It wasn't wrong to kill the pigs, to slash them down with a knife, because they were destroying the earth." Manson, according to this acquaintance, hoped that his killings would touch off racial war in the U.S. After the carnage was completed, he and his followers would take over the ruins of the U.S.—or at least of Los Angeles.

Star Student. Bizarre as such notions are, Manson's behavior, given his background, is at least less inconsistent than that of his followers. Charles Watson attended Methodist Sunday school in tiny Coveville, Texas, and grew to be a big, handsome star-student and athlete, voted outstanding member of his junior class. Yet when he went away to college in 1964, his grades fell and he

gave up athletics. He dropped out of school, was arrested for stealing typewriters from his old high school. He headed west, enrolled in another college, and dropped out again. When he returned from California a few months ago, he was bearded and emaciated. Says his lawyer and old family friend Bill Boyd: "He's a totally different guy. He acts completely detached and unconcerned. I seriously question his mental state."

Miss Krenwinkel was a shy and chubby adolescent growing up in a respectable section of Los Angeles. A friend recalled her as "a quiet and very sensitive girl who kept all her feelings to herself. She didn't like to see anybody get hurt. I remember once we were talking about one of the guys we know who enjoyed killing cats. She broke into tears." Her parents separated when she was in high school. In 1967, after meeting Manson, she rejected the "straight" world so suddenly that she left her car in a parking lot, quit her job without picking up her paycheck and went away with him. Now she, with others like her, is charged with murder.

Hippies and Violence

PART of the mystique and the attraction of the hippie movement has always been its invitation to freedom. It beckons young people out of the tense, structured workaday world to a life where each can do "his own thing." The movement has flowered and spread across the U.S. and to many parts of the world. It has drawn all sorts of people: the rebellious, the lonely, the poets, the disaffected, and worse. Some two years ago, says Dr. Lewis Yablonsky, a close student of the phenomenon, criminals and psychotics began infiltrating the scene. They were readily accepted, as anyone can be who is willing to let his hair grow and don a few beads; they found, just as do runaway teenagers, that it is a good world in which they can disappear from law and society. "Hippiedom became a magnet for severely emotionally disturbed people," Yablonsky says.

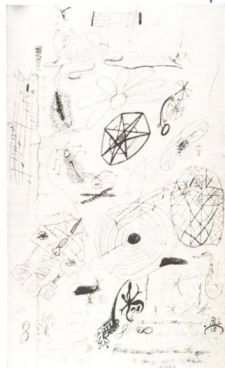
A few of them, like Manson, also found other advantages to being a hippie. The true gentle folk were relatively defenseless. Leaderless, they responded readily to strong leaders. But how could children who had dropped out for the sake of kindness and sharing, love and beauty, be enjoined to kill? Yablonsky thinks that the answer may lie in the fact that so many hippies are actually "lonely, alienated people." He says: "They have had so few love models that even when they act as if they love, they can be totally devoid of true compassion. That is the reason why they can kill so matter-of-factly."

Yablonsky believes that there has been far more violence among the hippies

than most people realize. "There has always been a potential for murder," he says. "Many hippies are socially almost dead inside. Some require massive emotions to feel anything at all. They need bizarre, intensive acts to feel alive—sexual acts, acts of violence, nudity, every kind of Dionysian thrill."

Charles Manson unintentionally put some clues into his particular psychological makeup on a piece of paper last week, as he sat in court for arraignment on car-theft charges. The insights came in the form of doodles on a legal pad—disoriented scribbles that suggest to two experts a psyche torn asunder by powerful thrusts of aggression, guilt and hostility. According to Dr. Emanuel F. Hammer, a psychoanalyst who studied the doodles without knowing who drew them, they point to "an inner tension that is jampacked with jarring elements. The drawings hit you like chaos on the part of the mind that drew them." He notes the phrase "Howmuch-canonegive," and says such stringing together of words "shows a lack of respect for the integrity of things" and people. The starlike figures, covered over or enclosed in circles, represent "guilt or attempts at control over aggression." The drawings of armless beings "are goonish and ludicrous, which may show a demeaning and devalued view of people."

Dr. Harry O. Teltcher, a psychologist and handwriting expert who knew the doodles were Manson's, finds cosmic implications in the sketches. "This whole drawing looks like part of the universe.



Ofttimes, paranoid-schizophrenics identify themselves with cosmic situations." In the squiggles, Teltcher also sees "a tremendous amount of repressed anger and hostility against all mankind." If Manson is guilty of commanding the Tate murders, as police suspect, then, "telling these girls to act out these killings was his way to express his anger."

THE DRAFT

The Luck of the Draw

Michael Hurd, a 19-year-old sophomore at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, sprang to his feet and hurled his chair through the screen of the television set at the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house. His birthday—Sept. 14—had come up No. 1 in the national draft lottery. Harvard Senior Nat Spiller, too nervous to watch the drawing on TV, was playing pingpong in an attempt to calm himself. Returning to his room when the selection was well under way, he looked at a list his roommates had been keeping and slumped into a chair. His birthday had come up fourth. Across the country in California, Stanford University Sophomore Tyler Commann stared

third are home free, though some local draft boards warn that they cannot guarantee even that, so low are their manpower pools.

Search for Alternatives. Like any good drawing, the draft lottery was no respecter of persons or odds. President Nixon's son-in-law, David Eisenhower, whose birthday came up 30th, is almost certain to be drafted. Harvard Senior Joseph Blatt learned on the same day that he was one of 24 members of his class chosen for membership in the Phi Beta Kappa honor society and tenth in the lottery. He is almost sure to be called, as is Seth Grossman, chairman of the Duke University chapter of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom. "I support the war," he said, "but I like it better on TV." His date came up 14th.

Not all were willing to accept the luck of the draw. While a few talked of flight to Canada and some of seeking exemptions on physical or psychological grounds, most searched for alternatives to the draft. A few planned to seek conscientious-objector status; some expected to enlist in a reserve or National Guard unit. Others, including David Eisenhower, are considering going into teaching, which can bring a draft deferment, to postpone their service until the war is over. A few, whose birthdays fall in the uncertain middle third, are even considering playing a numbers game with their futures. They feel that it may be advantageous to write their draft boards and ask to be reclassified 1-A. If they are, and are not called next year when there will be more draftable young men in the pool than in succeeding years, they will be draft-free even after graduation.

Who's Left. At some schools, students whose birth dates fell in the last third to be drawn thought about dropping out of school. "One reason I'm at Stanford is to keep out of the draft," said Thulin. "Now I can take some time off and not worry." Others with high numbers looked for ways of getting out of ROTC programs in which they had originally enrolled in an attempt to beat the draft.

Although most of those spared in last week's drawing felt that the new system was fairer than the old, many found fault. "It's involuntary servitude," said Grossman. Those opposed to war are also worried about the lottery's effect on the protest movement. "People with high priority numbers seem resigned to go in," said Thulin, "and people who are free seem self-satisfied. Who's going to be left to criticize the draft?"

One who has no plans to criticize the draft is Harvard Junior Mitchell Jacobs, whose birthday was the 362nd drawn. He was simply grateful. "Now I feel a lot less guilty about my going to college," he explained. "I can look at guys my age who didn't go to college and say that I had to go through the same drawing that they did."

TIME ESSAY

THE ARMY

WHENEVER a war ends in defeat or a dubious stalemate, the unsuccessful military leaders are apt to grope for some kind of stab-in-the-back explanation. The U.S. is certainly not headed in Viet Nam for any defeat remotely akin to Germany's humiliation in World War I, which the German generals blamed on treacherous politicians and civilian softness. Nor is Viet Nam likely to prove quite as bitter a military experience as the French abandonment of the Algerian war, in which some French officers even threatened to attack Paris in their rage against De Gaulle's pull-out orders. In fact, the U.S. military harbors a new, scarcely admitted optimism about the present battlefield situation in Viet Nam (see THE NATION). This, however, only makes more galling the thought of any outcome short of victory. General William Westmoreland, the commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam during the critical years 1964-68, seemed to reflect this, though in a much muted fashion, when he said in congressional testimony released last week: "If we had continued to bomb [North Viet Nam], the war would be over at this time—or nearly over."

Classical Mistake

The words were wistful and defensive, and they raised an issue that has long stirred controversy in the U.S.: civilian limitations on the use of military power. Most top military officers refrain from public alibis, criticism and rebukes. But many privately agree with Westmoreland's complaint, and there are signs that a stab-in-the-back, or Versailles, complex is developing. Some officers contend that they were not permitted to move quickly, massively and without restrictions—either on bombing targets or in hitting enemy sanctuaries along Viet Nam's borders—once the decision was made in 1965 to commit U.S. combat troops. This complaint is aimed mainly at President Johnson and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who, some officers argue, wanted to win the war "on the cheap and without disturbing the country."

The Pentagon was appalled that no full mobilization of U.S. manpower was ordered, and that their suggestions for committing up to 750,000 troops as soon as they could be assembled were ignored. "Gradualism was the classic mistake of the McNamara crowd," sums up one Pentagon officer. Says another: "The American people won't support a long war—but they would have supported a short one if we had got in and got out quickly."

How would unleashing the Air Force have achieved that? While there is heat-



"American Roulette"

at his roommate, Charles Thulin, in disbelief. Against all the odds, his birthday had come up first, Thulin's 366th and last.

With variations, the drama was played in college dormitories and homes throughout the U.S. last week as, one by one, members of the Selective Service System's Youth Advisory Committee walked to the giant fishbowl and drew out small plastic capsules containing 366 dates. That drawing was followed by a second in which the 26 letters of the alphabet were picked to determine by the initial letter of their last names the order in which young men born on the dates already drawn would be drafted. If U.S. military manpower needs remain unchanged, the armed forces will have to draft about 250,000 men next year. Those whose birth dates were among the first third drawn are virtually certain to be called. Those in the middle third have a fifty-fifty chance of receiving induction greetings. Barring a national emergency, those in the last

AND VIET NAM: THE STAB-IN-THE-BACK COMPLEX

ed argument even within the military about the effectiveness of the U.S. bombing that was permitted, many officers contend that U.S. airpower, properly applied, could have ended the war in about six months. By the spring of 1966, this argument goes, the Air Force had ample bases in South Viet Nam and the Navy had enough carriers in position to carry out a systematic destruction of the enemy's power plants, transportation network and military facilities in the North. But, officers complain, instead of being able to hit all those related targets at once, they had to get Washington approval for each major new target, and this "piecemeal" approach was inefficient.

Ignorant Critics

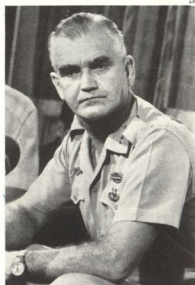
Any real military victory was also rendered impossible, General Creighton Abrams is known to believe, as long as enemy troops could flee across the border to Laos and Cambodia and not be hunted down. These sanctuaries give a badly battered enemy time to recover. Although some exceptions have been made, official U.S. policy forbids pursuit across these borders.

Commanders in the field have other complaints. They say that the U.S. should have moved much sooner to strengthen the South Vietnamese forces, which are now belatedly expected to take over the fighting. Field officers would have liked greater freedom to clean the Viet Cong out of populated villages without having to obtain cooperation from province and district chiefs—although the massacre at My Lai raises questions about whether the restrictions are, in fact, tight enough. Officers contend that too many of the most prominent critics of the war simply do not understand Viet Nam or the nature of the fighting there. If the military gets around to publicly pinpointing scapegoats, it will undoubtedly cite the U.S. press. There is a widespread conviction in the armed forces that reporters have fed antiwar sentiment at home by sensationalizing the war's bloodier aspects, downgrading the South Vietnamese army, exaggerating U.S. defeats, emphasizing the negative.

Questioning the Bombing

Perhaps no other war in history has imposed similar restraints and frustrations on an armed force, making the bitterness of the military men understandable. Still, most of their assertions about missed chances of victory are highly questionable. The notion that a quick strike by an unfettered U.S. military force would have promptly subdued the enemy ignores the whole history of the incredible tenacity, patience and xeno-

phobic passion of Vietnamese nationalists. It also underrates their guerrilla fighting skills. A U.S. invasion of North Viet Nam to topple the Hanoi government must at times have had an obvious appeal to the military. But it is almost certain that this move would have provoked full-scale intervention by China, perhaps with Russian support. Such intervention might not have happened, many military men argue, if the U.S. had confined itself to a far more weighty air offensive. But no one could be sure of this, and the Administration at the time judged the risk too great. Be-



WESTMORELAND

sides, Russians and Chinese could have found many means of aiding Hanoi short of rushing armies into the fight. Given South Viet Nam's porous border and long coastline, the mere resort to more systematic bombing would not have sealed off the movement of supplies from the North.

The concept that bombing the North could end the war has been effectively questioned by Townsend Hoopes, Under Secretary of the Air Force from 1967 until last February. In his book *The Limits of Intervention*, he contends that U.S. bombing, which is geared to nuclear war, is surprisingly inadequate for interdiction strikes, "a fact shrouded in professional embarrassment." He claims that the Communist war effort in the South requires a volume of supplies so small compared with the North's capacity to deliver that it cannot be effectively shut off. Sealing off Haiphong, he also contends, would not have been a decisive move, since only a small por-

tion of vital war supplies arrives through that port.

An even more basic argument against any stab-in-the-back theory is that the military only belatedly made the case for an all-out effort. Especially in the conflict's early years, the professionals of war were thinking in the old way of victory on the battlefield, and troops conventionally trained by the U.S. were a little like the British redcoats fighting in lines as they engaged in forest skirmishes against the American colonists and their Indian allies. Clumsy U.S. battalions in the mid-1960s were out of place in the jungles, swamps and highlands of South Viet Nam. The excitement of technology became an almost spiritual feeling among the military. Generals thought that bigger, faster weapons systems, particularly against peasants, would do it.

Failure of Persuasion

But even earlier, asserts TIME Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken, top military officers should have exercised "their responsibility of advising the civilian leadership in military matters." Instead of automatically embracing President Johnson's proposition in 1965 that U.S. combat forces might go into Viet Nam, the Joint Chiefs should have warned with greater insight—and greater force—of the difficulty of waging guerrilla warfare against an enemy that could match U.S. manpower.

But neither the military nor the civilian leaders were willing to admit that a military victory in the classic World War II sense was impossible under the conditions imposed by the Red Chinese and the Soviets and the nature of the war. The Pentagon should have tried harder to persuade its civilian commanders that both ought to narrow their goals. They could hope to prevent a conquest of South Viet Nam and bolster the South Vietnamese forces for a limited time—and that, perhaps, is all that the President and the nation should have expected to accomplish in Viet Nam. Military men have often said that they were asked to fight the Viet Nam War with one hand tied behind their back. If the goal had been clearly defined as less than a knockout, leaving the ring now would assuredly be easier.

Fortunately, American officers do not have a tradition of taking their grievances to the political barricades. Yet the belief that the U.S. military was betrayed or let down by civilian leaders, in or out of Government, is comparable to the idea, on the other side, that the U.S. was led into a hopeless war by the "military-industrial complex." Both notions fail to fit the facts. Both are dangerous to future American unity.

THE WORLD

EUROPE: A TIME OF TESTING FOR THE POWER BLOCS

WARILY, yet with a trace of hope, the two opposing power blocs in Europe probed each other last week, seeking out possible areas of cooperation. In Brussels, the foreign and defense ministers of the 15 NATO members were gathered for their annual review. In Moscow, the political leaders of the seven Warsaw Pact nations were holding a meeting of their own. In each capital, the conferees followed their rivals' proceedings with lively interest.

Unlike the situation in years past, the prime order of business at the two meetings was not to raise more divisions or discuss new weaponry. The conferences were held against a backdrop of recent improvements in East-West relations, caused chiefly by the start of the U.S.-Soviet arms-limitation talks in Helsinki and West Germany's signing of the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty. Also, memories have dimmed of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, which dashed earlier hopes for *détente*. The two rival blocs are now testing each other with initiatives that could lead to a further lowering of international tension.

Pax Sovietica. Moscow's major overture was to invite the Western European countries to join the East Bloc in a European Security Conference, which the Russians hope to convene in Helsinki during the first half of 1970. The Soviets say somewhat grudgingly that they have "no objection" to the U.S. and Canada attending. For Moscow,



ROGERS MEETING BRANDT IN BONN AFTER NATO CONFERENCE IN BRUSSELS
Assurances that Washington's word was still good.

the primary purpose of the conference would be to formalize the status quo in Europe by guaranteeing existing borders. The long-range Soviet goal may well be to convince the Europeans that an American military presence is no longer needed on the Continent and thereby isolate the U.S. from Europe.

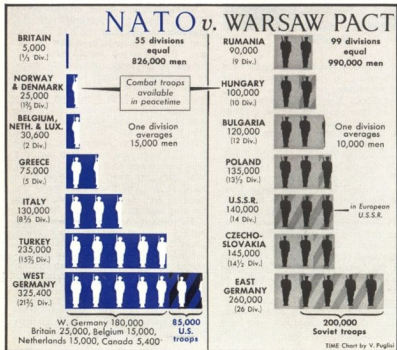
Some Western critics fear that the Russian plan would replace the Pax Americana that was established in Western Europe after World War II with a Pax Sovietica maintained by the Red

Army. Even so, many Western Europeans, including some NATO foreign ministers, see nothing wrong in at least gauging Soviet intentions by attending the conference.

The U.S., however, is extremely wary. NATO's acceptance of the invitation, said U.S. Secretary of State William P. Rogers, would put public pressure on the member nations to attend even if there were no prospect for concrete results. "What does the Soviet Union want to achieve by proposing such a conference?" demanded Rogers. "Does it want to deal realistically with the issues that divide Europe or does it seek to ratify the existing division of Europe? Does it intend to draw a veil over the subjugation of Czechoslovakia?"

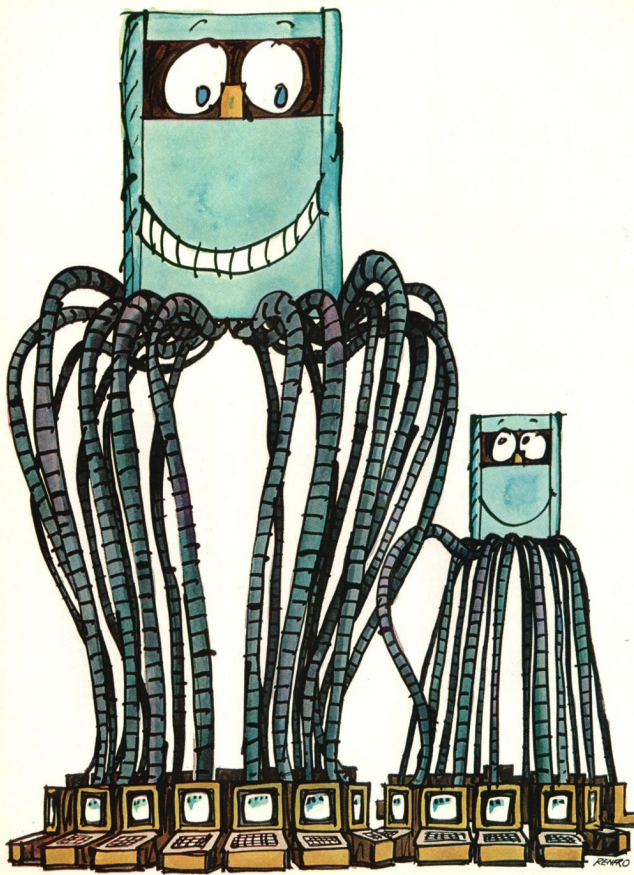
As a test of Soviet sincerity, Rogers suggested that the Russians might respond to forthcoming proposals by the Western allies concerning improved land and canal access to West Berlin. He also urged the Soviets to prove that they genuinely want to ease tensions by agreeing to discuss NATO's year-old suggestion for mutual troop reductions in Europe (see chart). The Soviets, however, have shown no interest in such a move. The Red Army forces in Eastern Europe accomplish two major objectives of Soviet foreign policy: they provide perimeter defense of the motherland, and they help to keep the Warsaw Pact countries in line.

Several of the foreign ministers, including West Germany's Walter Scheel, remained convinced that the West nonetheless should display a readiness to negotiate with the Soviets. The final communiqué, though weighted in favor of the American position, was a compromise. While the NATO ministers welcomed the Warsaw Pact's call for talks,





(Pardon us while we slip into something seasonal.)



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they stressed that careful preparations would have to be made beforehand.

One reason for the willingness of many Western European officials to go along with the Soviet-proposed conference was the hope of *détente* with Eastern Europe. Some Western Europeans also fear that the U.S., preoccupied with Viet Nam and domestic difficulties, may one day cease to serve as an effective protector of Western Europe.

To allay Western Europe's concern on that point, Rogers assured his continental colleagues that Washington would honor its commitments abroad. So did Defense Secretary Melvin Laird. Despite Senator Mike Mansfield's renewed call for the withdrawal of substantial numbers of the 300,000 American servicemen now in Europe, Laird pledged to maintain U.S. forces at their present level until at least mid-1971. To offset the departure of 6,000 Canadian troops, the British agreed to assign six additional combat brigades to Germany. Because NATO forces are outnumbered 2 to 1 on the crucial central front and would be quickly overrun in the event of an all-out ground attack, the NATO defense ministers also agreed to new guidelines that provide for quicker use of tactical nuclear weapons.

Isolation Anxiety. In Moscow, the Warsaw Pact officials spent much of their two-day meeting debating West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's offer of improved trade and political relations. Since fear of the West Germans has been one of the East bloc's unifying forces, a reconciliation with Bonn could slowly erode the Warsaw Pact. The prospect of a *rapprochement* particularly alarms East German Boss Walter Ulbricht, who fears that his half of Germany might lose considerable East bloc business in the event of a deal between Bonn and the Warsaw Pact countries.

Ulbricht reportedly arrived in Moscow two days before the meetings began. His mission was to urge the Soviet leaders to insist on full diplomatic recognition of his German Democratic Republic by Bonn before the Communist countries enter into any dealings with West Germany. But he was overruled by his Warsaw Pact comrades, who badly need trade and industrial credits from prospering West Germany.

In the end, Ulbricht apparently had no choice but to subscribe to a communiqué that was surprisingly conciliatory toward West Germany. Though it repeated the familiar warnings against neo-Nazism and German "revenge-seeking," the communiqué hailed the signing of the nonproliferation treaty and cited the formation of the Brandt government as evidence of healthy tendencies in West Germany. Most important, without posing any preconditions, the communiqué gave the green light for Eastern Europe to enter into bilateral trade and diplomatic relations with the country that ever since World War II has been castigated as the haven of unrepentant Nazis.

The Mao Papers: A New View

HE is the titular if not still the actual ruler of one-fifth of humankind; yet China's Mao Tse-tung remains the most shadowy figure among the leaders of 20th century Communism. There seems to be almost no middle ground between his reverential propagandists and his vituperative critics. As a result, the man who has altered the destiny of China—and the world—almost invariably appears two-dimensional. In the '30s and '40s, a few foreigners, notably the American journalist Edgar Snow, captured some titillating glimpses of Mao. But after the Communists gained power in 1949, Peking's Gate of Heavenly Peace closed fast behind him, and he has remained a mystery.

Now, at least some of the shadows around Mao are being dispelled. Recently, a cache of Mao's secret speeches, letters and other writings came into the possession of the U.S. State Department. Many of the documents were seized by zealous Red Guards who broke into highly secret Communist Party files during the 1966-68 Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Others were leaked to the Red Guards by unnamed Chinese leaders. The papers were then smuggled out of mainland China and were obtained by U.S. officials from sources in Hong Kong, Taipei and Tokyo. After a thorough preliminary check of the documents' reliability, the State Department released the majority of them to some top Western scholars of Chinese history and politics. The papers also became available to TIME.

The torrent of Mao's words that flow from these extraordinary papers reveals the long-obscure human dimension of the man. He emerges as a compelling personality, supremely confident of his ability to surmount China's immense domestic problems. In speeches delivered at secret meetings of the Politburo, he comes across as passionate and often earthy. All told, the documents amply demonstrate that Mao, now 75 and reportedly nearing death, left an imprint on China and its 750 million people that will surely prove ineradicable for generations to come.

Mao reveals himself best by his pungent use of language. Rather like Nikita Khrushchev, he likes to draw on folk tales and proverbs to contrive devastating metaphors against his opponents. He is also fond of quoting from classical Chinese literature. In a 1959 meeting, he cited a Han Dynasty poet to belabor his colleagues for their laziness and love of luxury: "When one travels in a carriage or sedan chair, the body begins to decay. Women with pearly teeth and false eyebrows are the axes that cut down the body's vitality. Delicious meats and fatty foods are the 'medicines' that corrode the intestines."

Mao occasionally balances gibes at his comrades by poking fun at himself. In a secret speech at Lushan in 1959, he discussed the need to go slower during the Great Leap Forward: "One can't be rash. There must be a step-by-step process. In eating meat, one can only consume one piece at a time. One can never hope to become a fatso at one stroke." After a pause, Mao continued: "The commander in chief [Marshal Chu Teh] and I didn't get fat in a single day."

He also resorts to vivid metaphors in urging that counterrevolutionaries not be executed. "A head isn't like a leek," he said. "It doesn't grow again once it's been cut." Mao's most recurrent metaphors refer to the digestive process, which evidently fascinates him. In his Lushan speech, in which he characteristically called on his colleagues to join him in discharging their feelings of guilt for the failures of the Great Leap, he concluded with this scatological flourish: "Comrades, your stomachs will feel much more comfortable if you move your bowels and break wind."

Although the replies of Mao's comrades are not generally included in these papers, there is evidence that this style of polemic has been characteristic of secret meetings. When Mao seemed taken aback by the criticism leveled at him during the stormy Lushan conference, Peng Teh-huai, who had long received more than a fair share of abuse from the Chairman, lashed back at him. "You f---ed my mother for 40 days," Peng told Mao, "so why can't I f--- yours for 20?" Recalling the incident later, Mao wryly observed: "Even 20 days wasn't enough, and so we had to abandon our work at the meeting." The Chairman, of course, had the last word. After the conference, he sacked Peng as Defense Minister and Politburo member.

Under heavy attack at Lushan for the shortcomings of the Great Leap, Mao acknowledged that he had taken sleeping pills three times for tension. He was ready to shoulder the blame for his catastrophic scheme of building backyard steel foundries. Citing Confucius' *Analects* to the effect that the man who initiates something evil will be severely punished by God, Mao revealed that he had been struck down by the very punishment prescribed by the sage—the loss of his sons. He disclosed that one of his two sons had died in battle (presumably in Korea) and the other had gone insane. Then, in a cry approaching agony, he asked his audience: "Because of my guilt, should I be deprived of my posterity?"

Though Mao is well educated, he retains a country boy's contempt for intellectuals, for learning and for city ways. "The more one reads, the more

of China's Chairman

foolish one becomes" is one of his favorite adages. "Being an unpolished man," he says, not without pride, "I am not too cultivated." Doctors are a frequent butt: "Medical education needs reforming. There is altogether no need to read so many books. How long did it take Hua T'o [the father of Chinese medicine] to learn what he knew?" Mao, who has succeeded in destroying the Chinese educational system in order to radicalize it, has this to say: "Schools are small tombs with great evil emanations and shallow ponds with many snapping turtles."

In a particularly pungent and often inaccurate diatribe against education, Mao said: "It is reported that penicillin was invented by a laundryman in a dyer's shop. Benjamin Franklin of America discovered electricity, although he began as a newspaper boy. Confucius got started at 23. What learning did Jesus have? Sakyami created Buddhism when he was 19. When Marx first created dialectical materialism, he was very young. He acquired his learning later." Mao's conclusion: "It is always those with less learning who overthrow those with more learning."

Mao fancies himself the champion of Marxist purity, combatting the "revisionist" heresies of Moscow and Belgrade. Yet his expositions of dialectics are sometimes primitive, to say the least. In a speech in Hangeow in 1965, Mao tried to explain the complex Hegelian-Marxist concept of "thesis-antithesis-synthesis" by explaining that the Communists' victory over Chiang Kai-shek's armies in the civil war was due to the superiority of the Marxist dialectic system: "Synthesis in the long run amounts to swallowing the enemy completely. How did we synthesize the Kuomintang? Didn't we take enemy personnel and reform them? Some of them we released, but the majority we took into our forces. Eating is also synthesis. When you're eating crab, for instance, you eat only the meat and not the shell. The stomach absorbs nourishment and expels waste. You gentlemen are all Western philosophers, while I'm a native philosopher. The synthesis we applied to the Kuomintang was to eat it up, absorb the greater part and expel the smaller part. This is what we learned from Marx."

In spite of Mao's crude and often ferocious rhetoric, the Mao papers show that the Chairman can tread prudently when faced with political and military realities. Several of his speeches also suggest that Mao feels there is a vital historical and ideological bond between the Soviet Union and China, in spite of what he considers to be betrayal by Stalin and Khrushchev. "In articles and speeches, don't criticize the U.S.S.R.,"

he instructed the Chinese High Command in 1958. "We learn from the good people and the good things in the Soviet Union as well as from the bad," he observed in 1966, after the quarrel between the two nations had flared into the open.

Mao offered that advice despite his deep resentment of Russia's attempts to prevent China from determining its own fate. "The Russians didn't allow China to make a revolution," he once said. "This was in 1945, when Stalin tried to prevent the Chinese revolution by saying that there should be no civil war and that we should collaborate with Chiang Kai-shek. This we did not do, and the revolution was victorious." Mao later quarreled with Khrushchev. More recently, Moscow's border clashes with Peking and its attempts to organize opposition to Mao within China have encouraged the Chairman to permit even harsher criticism of the Soviets.

The qualities that have made Mao one of the century's most powerful leaders are apparent throughout the papers. One of his strengths is his conviction that the Chinese government must be at one with the masses. He hates the bureaucracy for having interfered with this sacred relationship. His "Twenty Manifestations of Bureaucracy," one of the papers acquired by the U.S., is among the fiercest diatribes of its kind in modern history. In it, Mao inveighs against those who are "divorced from the masses . . . rotten sensualists who glut themselves for days on end . . . engage in speculation . . . call a doctor when they are not sick." In sum, bureaucrats are "eight-sided and as slippery as eels."

Other sources of Mao's strength are his immense pride in China and his equally immense hopes for its future. In 1958 Mao observed: "Our country is so populous, it has such vast territory and abundant resources, a history of more than 4,000 years, and culture. But what a boast! We are not even as far advanced as Belgium. Our steel production is so low. So few people are literate. But now our nation is all ardor; there is a fervent tide. Our nation is like an atom. After the atom's nuclear fission, the thermal energy released will be so formidable that we will be able to accomplish all that we now cannot do." That was Mao's call to accelerate the Great Leap Forward, which soon turned into a great lurch backward. China is only now beginning to recover from the chaos created by the Great Leap and the Cultural Revolution. In large part its future depends on whether Mao's successors will be able to achieve his lifelong dream of harnessing the fervent tides of China to build a modern society.



MAO & ENTHUSIASTS

PAKISTAN Back to Democracy, On the Double

Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, Pakistan's President pro tempore and army commander, is a rather reluctant strongman. Last March Yahya imposed martial law and took over the presidency in the wake of nationwide rioting prompted by the autocratic rule of Ayub Khan. At the time, Yahya promised a swift return to democracy. Two weeks ago, in a broadcast to his 130 million fellow citizens, he kept his word. Promising—indeed, practically commanding—an orderly march back to civilian rule, he said: "I am not prepared to tolerate any obstruction in the restoration of democracy." Last week Yahya explained



PRESIDENT YAHYA KHAN

Some life in the political limbo.

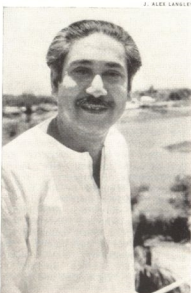
his political views to TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin at the President's House in Rawalpindi. "I am quite certain," he said forcefully, "that the people want democracy."

Out of this certitude, Yahya is about to undertake the most fundamental political changes in Pakistan since Britain granted it independence 22 years ago. On Jan. 1, such political activities as rallies and speeches will once again be permitted. By June, electoral rolls are to be brought up to date to include 60 million eligible Pakistanis 21 years old or over. On Oct. 5, in Pakistan's first nationwide elections, voters in West and East Pakistan will choose about 300 delegates to a constitutional convention. Yahya has given the delegates 120 days to write a constitution; if they do not succeed in that time, he will disband the convention and arrange for a new one to be elected. Once a constitution is approved, a government will be installed, with the convention delegates making up the National Assembly. That could

come as early as 1971. Yahya is convinced that a freely elected Assembly will work in Pakistan. "I have been trying to rehabilitate the nation's political life," he told Coggin, "so that I could hand over the government to the people's representatives. I see some life in the political limbs now."

Sincere Desire. Cannily, Yahya has left himself two important powers to ensure that Pakistan's often obdurate politicians do not make a hash of the process. By limiting the length of the constitutional convention, he hopes to force the delegates to get on with the job or risk new elections. By reserving the right to approve the finished constitution, he intends to prevent the enactment of provisions that could lead to turmoil or shatter Pakistan's unity.

J. ALEX LANGLEY



SHEIKH MUJIBUR RAHMAN

Two other provisions he has made appear to demonstrate Yahya's sincere desire to restore civilian rule:

► For the first time, Pakistan will operate under the one-man, one-vote rule. The chief result will be to give populous but impoverished East Pakistan greater power—this despite the fact that Yahya is a West Pakistani and his province has been predominant in the past. The move, he explained, was "a basic requirement of any democratic form of government."

► Before a new government actually takes office, power will be broadly decentralized. West Pakistan was created by consolidating the provinces of Sind, Baluchistan, West Punjab and the North-West Frontier, but for 14 years it has been dominated by elite Punjabis and Pathans. Though Yahya is a Pathan (as is Ayub), he ordered that the West be broken up into its original four provinces. More significantly, East Pakistan, separated from the West by 1,000 miles of Indian territory, will be granted "max-

imum autonomy." Yahya told Coggin: "The degree of provincial autonomy and other things I was not quite certain about I have left up to the constituent assembly."

More freedom for East Pakistan could well save the geographically divided nation from dissolution. East and West Pakistan are both overwhelmingly Moslem, but they differ in virtually every other way—even down to diet. The Bengalis of the East are rice eaters, while the West Pakistanis favor wheat. The main difference, however, is that East Pakistan has long been treated like a colony of the West. Though the East has 58% of the population, seats in the old Assembly were evenly divided, and the richer, better-educated Westerners ran the government. Tax money and foreign aid were distributed in the West's favor. The situation finally led to this year's riots, in which more than 100 East Pakistanis died. "The people of East Pakistan," Yahya admitted in his address, "did not have their full share in the decision-making process. They were fully justified in being dissatisfied."

Wrong Temperament. East Pakistan, on a one-man one-vote basis, should get 168 seats out of 300 in the Assembly, and may well name the first Prime Minister of the new government. Pakistan's largest political party is believed to be the Dacca-based Awami League. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, Awami's 47-year-old leader, is the top prospect for the prime-ministership. The selection of "Mujib," as his followers call him, would represent quite a turnabout. Under Ayub Khan, he was jailed for 21 months for demanding *purbodesh*, or regional autonomy. To keep the long-subservient Easterners from totally dominating the West, however, Yahya favors a bicameral legislature. Its upper house would be patterned after Britain's House of Lords and its seats apportioned evenly between East and West.

And what of Yahya's future? In eight months as a caretaker, he sought to modernize education, raised the industrial minimum wage 30%, to \$26 a month, and shook up the central government bureaucracy (he once castigated its functionaries as "a bunch of thieves"). Pakistanis suspected that he sought a reputation as a reformer primarily to perpetuate himself in power. But Yahya's recent speech and his apparently genuine desire to step aside after a Prime Minister is named have pretty well disabused them of that notion. "I feel more at home as a soldier," Yahya remarked to Coggin last week. "By temperament I have not liked being President. I became President only as my duty and have not relished it." It would be ironic if the people of Pakistan, now largely convinced that Yahya is not just another power-hungry general, ask him to stay on in the new democracy, after all, as ceremonial President and unofficial conscience of the nation.

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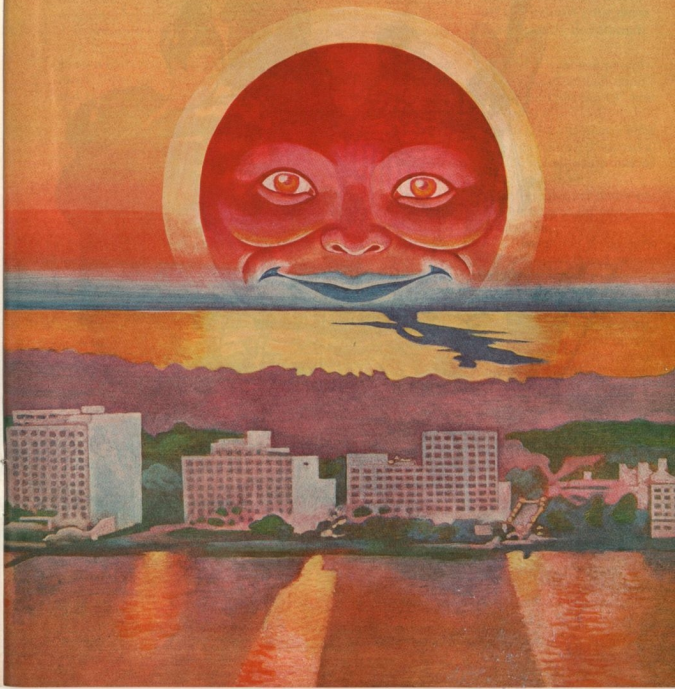
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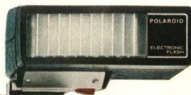
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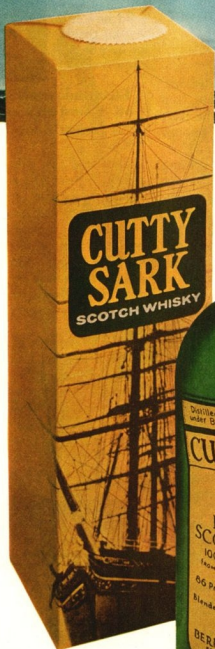
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JAPANESE STUDENTS, SOME MASKED AGAINST TEAR GAS, PROTEST IN TOKYO
So much for the Golden Rule.

JAPAN Goodbye, Confucius

Judging from a recent poll of the attitudes of youths aged 18 to 24, Confucius has just about had it in Japan, where his precepts have prevailed for centuries. Confucius may say respect your elders, obey the magistrate and do unto others, etc., but young Japanese seem too preoccupied with taking over university buildings and fashioning Molotov cocktails to pay him much heed. The poll, directed by Prime Minister Eisaku Sato's office and involving 3,400 youths, reported that:

► Fully 80% of those polled would not yield their seats on trains or buses to older persons.

► Only 39% believed that laws should be obeyed without question. Another 34% criticized the injustice of some laws but cautiously agreed that it pays not to violate them anyway. The other answers were split between those who recommended ignoring the law because it does not seem to relate to their daily lives and those who felt it serves only the interests of their elders and the ruling class.

► Only 40% of those polled were in favor of respecting the freedom and rights of others. The majority either opposed such niceties or had no opinion. So much for the Golden Rule.

Plainly, many of Japan's young people are headed for a break with some of the nation's most cherished traditions. Even the rebels, however, seem to suffer from a problem that handicapped their fathers: the inability to express opposition individually and in specific terms. A professor at Kyoto University recalled last week that when he invited

individual students to challenge his statements or actions in the classroom, they would stand in tense and painful silence. When the students came to him in a group to scream their demands for reform, however, they were magically transformed. "Then," says the professor, "they would make no bones about calling me an idiot."

GREECE

The Unmentionable Issue

When the 18-nation Council of Europe meets in Paris this week to consider whether to suspend Greece from the company of Europe's democratic nations, the issue that is certain to be uppermost in the minds of the foreign ministers is one that they cannot even mention in the debate. It is the torture of political prisoners in Greece. For the past three weeks, a 1,200-page report prepared by a special committee of the Council of Europe's Human Rights Commission has been in the hands of the member governments. After two years of investigations, the commission charged that torture and ill treatment of political prisoners amounted to an "administrative practice" that has been "officially tolerated" by Greek government authorities.

Since the Greeks have until Feb. 18 to appeal the report's findings, the Council's members must officially ignore the charges for the time being. As a result, they will confine this week's discussions to a less volatile, though related issue: Did the military-backed regime have any justification for denying basic human liberties to its citizens? The Athens government of Premier George Papadopoulos and his fellow colonels is

fearful that suspension from the Council, a powerless but prestigious European mini-U.N., would tarnish Greece's already marred image. Junta officials have threatened some European nations with trade reprisals if they voted against Greece. Even so, at week's end as many as eight nations were in favor of suspending Greece from participation in the Council until the colonels either step down or reform. But two crucial votes (those of West Germany and Ireland) were still uncommitted, and it was uncertain whether the suspension motion would carry.

Police Terror. Since they seized power in a lightning coup nearly 32 months ago, the colonels, who have pledged to restore Greece's ancient moral values, have reacted with outraged indignation to isolated reports of mistreatment of any of the 6,000 or so political prisoners who have passed through their jails. To be sure, no international agency has been able to establish that a pattern of police terror existed in Greece. At the insistence of the Scandinavian countries, however, the Council's Human Rights Commission set up an eight-man subcommittee in early 1968 to investigate charges that Greece was violating the rights of prisoners.

The subcommittee was headed by Giuseppe Sperduti, a professor of international law at the University of Naples. The British representative was Dr. James E. S. Fawcett, a former naval intelligence officer and onetime Foreign Office legal adviser who is now director of studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London. The German member was Adolf Susterhenn, a former Christian Democratic delegate in the Bundestag.

At first, the Greek regime took part in the proceedings and produced officials who claimed the torture charges were either fabrications or Communist lies. One of the investigating sessions was held in Athens, and subcommittee members inspected police jails and questioned several prisoners. Last spring, however, after the regime refused to produce 21 prisoners and former prisoners who reportedly still bore marks of torture, the subcommittee broke off its investigations in Greece and shifted its hearings to Strasbourg.

After studying affidavits and interviewing 87 witnesses, the commission reported that it had turned up evidence of 213 cases of torture. In the 30 cases that the investigators were able to study thoroughly, they found conclusive evidence of torture in eleven and strong indications of mistreatment in 17. In its report, the commission took note of the sheer volume of complaints about torture. At one stage, for example, the International Red Cross reported that out of a group of 131 prisoners, 46 complained either of torture or ill treatment. Witnesses told of cruel treatment in many places throughout Greece, including Crete and Salonica. Most of the torture took place at the dingy head-

quarters of the Athens secret police on Boubooulas Street (see box).

The Greek junta branded the charges as "calumnious" and referred to witnesses as "Communists who told Communist lies fabricated in Moscow." Referring to the 30 cases that the commission investigated thoroughly, the regime said that they had not involved "torture proper" but simply "brutality and ill treatment by police subordinates such as is reported daily in the most liberal democracies."

The commission disagreed. It rejected "the possibility that accounts of torture might be fabricated as part of Communist or antigovernment propaganda." It also rejected the junta's claim that its 1967 coup and subsequent rule by martial law were justified by the threat of a Communist takeover, noting that

there was "only very slender evidence" of such a threat. In one document submitted by the junta, describing an allegedly Communist arms cache, the commission found that the words "wholly unserviceable" had been deleted. The guns that the colonels had dug up and submitted as evidence of a Moscow-sponsored threat had in fact been rusting in the ground ever since the end of the Greek civil war two decades ago.

FRANCE

Memoirs with Rage

Except for a few quiet outings, including an Armistice Day pilgrimage to World War I battlefields, Charles de Gaulle has stayed close to his country place at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises since his retirement in April. The gen-

eral, who turned 79 last month, has seen few visitors, but his most respected biographer, Raymond Tournoux of *Paris-Match* magazine, reports that he has by no means turned marmoreal. As Tournoux tells it, De Gaulle paces his garden, rails at events and "prepares for death like a man who has not stopped thinking of it for several years." He has rejected plans for a grand, Churchillian funeral, declaring that "there won't be any big spectacle for De Gaulle." Otherwise, he devotes his days to his *Memoirs of Peace*. Fearing pre-publication "indiscretions," De Gaulle has insisted that only his daughter in Paris be allowed to type his manuscript—perhaps understandably. Each morning the old general listens to the 8 o'clock news, says Tournoux, then sits down to write, "almost with rage."

Friendly Chats on Boubooulas Street

ONE-FOURTH of the Human Rights Commission's 1,200-page report is devoted to verbatim testimony spoken in halting, sometimes disjointed phrases by Greeks who either underwent torture themselves or witnessed the cruel treatment of others. One of the witnesses was an Athenian housewife named Anastasia Tsirka, who was arrested late in 1967 after police agents in a midnight raid found three pamphlets from underground political groups in her home. To find out who had given her the documents, Asphalia (secret police) agents took Mrs. Tsirka, then two or three months pregnant, to their headquarters on Boubooulas Street for questioning.

As Mrs. Tsirka recalled it: "I say to them, 'I am going to have a baby.' They answer, 'Who cares about that? It will be another person like you; it is better not to have it.' When I was laid out in the terrazzo, I told them again, 'I am going to have a baby. Be careful of my stomach, please.' But they do not care at all about my stomach. Mallios [an interrogator] ordered Spanos [a security agent] to give me 15 *jalanga* [whacks on the feet]."

With a dirty rag stuffed in her mouth to stifle her screams, Mrs. Tsirka testified, she was given some 21 blows. Then she was pushed downstairs to a filthy basement cell. There was barely room to breathe. Holding up the palms of her hands, she described the cell as "eleven palms long and nine palms wide."

Continuing her account: "At about 5 o'clock in the morning, blood started to flow. I never saw it because there was no light, but I felt it all over my feet. So I start to scream, 'I lost my baby, I lost my baby!' Then the guard comes and says, 'What is the matter with you?' Then I show people, and they let me out of the cell." After an hour's wait, Mrs. Tsirka, who is now in exile, was driven in an ambulance to a

hospital, where she was given medical care. The commission's team of consulting physicians reported that she had apparently been rendered sterile as a result of the miscarriage.

Another witness was Petros Vlassis, a member of the far-left Lambrakis youth movement, one of the junta's special targets. After being beaten on the feet in the shower room on the roof of



SHOWER ROOM ATOP POLICE HEADQUARTERS

the Boubooulas Street building where the tortures usually took place, he was forced to stand up. "They made me run around in a circle in that same torture chamber," recalled Vlassis. "They had moved the bench to one side a little, and I was in the middle of a circle made up of ten people. Each one of them held something—a stick, a metal piece, a rope. So in order to protect my-

self against their beatings, I had to run. When I went away from one person who had hit me, I approached another person, who then hit me. I think the purpose of this was to make me run so that the circulation should come back to my feet and my feet would again become sensible to pain, because I think I omitted to tell you that after one has received a certain amount of beating of the feet, the pain is no longer felt by the person tortured. It is as if the body had become saturated with pain."

In October 1967, police grilled a young Athenian named Andreas Lendakis, who was also a member of a left-wing youth group. A woman prisoner named Marketakis, who had been in the next cell in Boubooulas Street, described his ordeal. One night the guards took him to another room. Even so, Miss Marketakis heard the sounds of torment. "It was a loud hard noise, like one stick hitting another. But as there was always a cry afterward, we knew that the blows were not falling on wood." The next morning, Lendakis was back in his cell. Miss Marketakis described him to the investigators.

"It was dreadful. He had difficulty in breathing. I asked him, 'How are you?' He said, 'They hit me on the head a lot of times, and I must remain lying because I have head injuries and may have a hemorrhage, but I cannot lay down because my head is sore when I put it on the ground.' Then he dragged himself on his knees because his legs had been tortured and he could not walk."

Lendakis testified that his ordeal left him with a condition diagnosed by the commission's doctors as "post-traumatic epileptic symptoms." Athens Police Inspector Basi Lambrou, whom Lendakis and others named as their chief tormentor, was asked if he had spoken with Lendakis. Yes, said Lambrou, "just for a friendly chat."

COMMON MARKET Trust and Good Feelings At The Hague

As she raised her champagne glass, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands surveyed the guests seated around her palace dinner table: the President of France, the Chancellor of West Germany and the Premiers of Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg and her own country. Said the Queen in a simple toast: "I wish you success at this meeting." Rising in his turn, Juliana's consort Prince Bernhard added sternly: "That, gentlemen, is a royal order."

Judging from the communiqués and comments that emerged from last week's Common Market summit meeting at The Hague, the royal order was scrupulously obeyed. During the two-day session, a new order for Europe began to take shape. In return for the continuation of sizable agricultural subsidies, French President Georges Pompidou at last agreed to negotiations leading to the admission of new members, most notably Britain.

Uncommon Confrontation. To be sure, Pompidou's concession was surrounded by a tangle of verbal barbed wire. His opening statement was studied with the sort of oblique warnings about British entry that other members had heard repeatedly from France during the days of Charles de Gaulle. West Germany's Willy Brandt, who emerged from last week's summit as spokesman for the Six, supplanting his French counterpart, firmly rebuffed the old position. "The German Parliament and public expect me to return from this conference with concrete arrangements regarding the Community's enlargement," Brandt said determinedly. The French, he continued, should "respond to our clear will."

During Queen Juliana's dinner at *Huis ten Bosch* ("House in the Woods") palace outside The Hague, Pompidou drew Brandt aside. As the two strolled for half an hour up and down the elegant *chinoiserie* rooms, cognac glasses in hand, Pompidou gave his word that France would agree to negotiations with Britain. Fearful that France's ardent Gaullists would attack him for that concession, however, Pompidou adamantly refused to specify a date for negotiations to begin. In the 13th-century Hall of Knights where the sessions were held, this refusal led to an uncommon confrontation. Pressed by Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns to stipulate a date, Pompidou finally growled: "Am I to understand that the Dutch Foreign Minister does not trust the word of the President of France?"

"The Dutch Foreign Minister trusts the President of France," Luns hastily assured him. "Everyone in this room trusts the President of France. But we have our public opinion to consider."

The final communiqué made no mention of a date. Privately, however, the

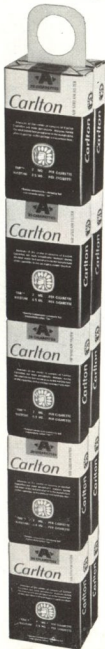


POMPIDOU, JULIANA & BRANDT
Obeying royal orders.

French representatives set the end of June as the deadline for talks to begin with Britain (as well as Ireland, Denmark and Norway, the other three nations that have applied for Common Market membership). Almost overlooked in the lively sparring over a timetable for British entry was a remarkable change in the French attitude toward the Market. The French President urged a six-point program calling for "harmonized" foreign policies, mutual technological development and a monetary policy that would include a Common Market central bank for the gold and currency reserves of all its members. Pompidou's ambitious proposals are by no means likely to be realized in the near future, but they nevertheless represent a dramatic reversal of previous French policy. The change was enthusiastically welcomed by France's five partners. "We all have the good feeling," said West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, "that the Common Market can now overcome its stagnation and resume a more dynamic development."

Bigger Grocery Bills. Though many Britons, after eight long years of waiting, have changed their minds about joining the Common Market, Harold Wilson's government welcomed the outcome of last week's summit. The Hague meeting, however, did nothing to ease the concern of Britons that membership in the Market would sharply raise grocery bills as a result of farm supports and import levies. Aware that Britain might be called upon to pay as much as 50% of the Market's total farm subsidies for a few years, Wilson sought in the House of Commons last week to stifle what he described as "excessive optimism in

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Three wise gifts bearing news (music and sports)



Maybe you never thought of a radio as a gift idea. Well, a radio is always a *sound* idea indeed. Pictured above are three of our soundest. A deluxe 2-piece FM/AM-FM Stereo model with speakers that separate to 10 feet for superb stereo realism. An indoor-outdoor FM/AM 3-band portable that brings in thrilling

short wave broadcasts and operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries. And our FM/AM travel clock radio that opens and closes like a book.

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RCA

this matter." Said the Prime Minister: "If the terms involve too high a price, I think all of us agree that it would be wrong to accept them." London's *Sunday Express* put the thought somewhat more bluntly with a cartoon showing a French diner sitting down to a meal in a restaurant. "Do you want to pay for the Frenchman's lunch?" asked the story that followed.

For a while, Britain may have to do just that. Before negotiations begin, the country must decide whether it is willing to foot the bill in exchange for long-term gains as a partner in a united Europe. That the decision lies with London this time rather than Paris, however, is a measure of how far the Common Market has progressed.

MIDDLE EAST

Rate of Exchange

In the Middle East the direct approach is not always the most successful one. Last week a complicated three-way swap of prisoners took place among Israel, Syria and Egypt. Shlomo Samuëllof, a Hebrew University physiology professor, and Saleh Muallem, a travel agent, had been held in Damascus since their TWA jet was hijacked on Aug. 29. They were exchanged for 13 Syrians held by the Israelis, including two pilots who had accidentally flown their Syrian Air Force MIG-17s into Israel 16 months ago. In an emotional scene at Lydda airport, Premier Golda Meir hugged and kissed the two returnees. The following day, Major Nissim Ashkenazi, a top combat pilot shot down over Egypt in August, and Captain Giora Rom, whose Mirage jet was hit in September, were traded for 52 Egyptian civilians, five soldiers and one air force pilot. After Ashkenazi's return, Israeli officials reported that the pilot had been severely tortured by his Cairo captors, and suffered several broken bones.

Three-Way Trade. The U.S. and Israel began pressing for the release of the two TWA passengers soon after they were imprisoned, but the Syrians at first refused to consider any kind of deal. Israel then turned to the Egyptians, who suggested a wider swap of prisoners. As talks progressed, Egypt asked that Israel return the Syrian pilots, and the Israelis countered by demanding the return of Samuëllof and Muallem. This brought Syria grudgingly into the bargaining, which was conducted largely through the Italian embassy in Damascus and broke down three times. The International Red Cross concluded the arrangement for the complicated three-way trade. While Israel was emotionally glad to get its four men back, the deal itself was not universally welcomed. Some fear that the rate of exchange was so heavily weighted against Israel—71 Egyptians and Syrians for four Israelis—that other airline hijackings might actually be encouraged.

*Soft on the whisper of angel wings,
This is the Christmas that memory brings.
The rustling of elves in the watchful night
With secrets shelved from the children's sight.*

*The glimmering gold of candle-shine;
The shimmering fragrance of fir and pine,
And, savory there on the silver tray,
The great, proud ham for the holiday.*

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Ham**

—a—
**HOLIDAY
TRADITION**

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PEOPLE

Still listed in the new Washington phone book: the New York-based law firm of **Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell** (298-5970).

"Why can't I fall in love like any other man?" croaks Cockney **Anthony Newley**. Down in front, wondering right along with the singer, is his most devoted fan. "I know every song by heart," says **Charlotte Ford Niarchos**. "I sometimes think I could get up on the stage and sing them myself. But not so well, of course." The divorced heiress followed Newley's stage show all the way to Toronto, indicating more than artistic admiration. Newley, who is in the midst of divorce proceedings, allowed gallantly: "The very fact that she is here is a most beautiful thing."

Italians are making a jet-age Robin Hood of Skyjacker **Raffaele Minichello**. When he comes to trial for that gunpoint odyssey from Los Angeles to Rome, the young Marine should have no trouble financing his defense. He stands to get lira aplenty from Producer **Carlo Ponti**, who will make a \$2,000,000 movie about the adventure. And why not Mrs. Ponti—**Sophia Loren**—as the hostess who volunteers to go all the way with TWA and Raffaele?

"I am a child of the House of Commons, its servant," said **Winston Churchill**. "All I am I owe to the House of Commons." Long a part of Commons' legend, the late Prime Minister is now a part of its architecture—and no insignificant part at that. Churchill's bronze statue, like his impact, is larger than life. It stands 7 ft. 5 in. in height,



CHURCHILL IN COMMONS
Clemmie was startled.

weighs a ton, and cost \$26,400. **Clementine, Baroness Spencer-Churchill**, 84, handsomely turned out in fur coat and pale blue feather hat, stepped forward to unveil her famous husband's latest image. Blinking in the bright lights, she pulled the cord and then started visibly as the drapings fell, to reveal her husband in his famous "bulldog" stance, with foot, chin, belly and vision forward. Permanently threatening another step, Churchill's bronze expresses, in the sculptor's words, "an idea of impatience and hurry, of a man wanting to see something done."

"He'd be ideal for the part," said the producers of a pop musical about Christ called *Superstar*. "After all, from pictures of Christ he looked like a well-turned-out Lennon." **John Lennon**, that is. Sure, he'd consider playing Jesus, the Beatle was reported to have said, "but if I do it, I would want Yoko Ono to play Mary Magdalene." The Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, where they hope to stage *Super-*



LENNONS ENTWINED
John was Jesus.

star, explained hastily that he had "nothing to do with the casting." By then, the producers were getting a little nervous too, and the offer was withdrawn. No matter. The frustrated Messiah has a project of another stripe coming up. *Avant-Garde* magazine will soon publish his latest artistic efforts—a series of lithographs depicting Mr. and Mrs. Lennon making love.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cattrell of Edinburgh did not much care for the dark, spooky painting of a naked Eve and a leering Death—a legacy from Mrs. Cattrell's uncle that had been hanging in their living room for 15 years. "The most attractive paintings I have are those by my seven-year-old daughter," said Cattrell. Taste is taste. But when the couple decided to sell the canvas to make a down payment on a car, they found quite a market. Bidding at Sotheby's stopped at \$537,600 for *The Temp-*



BALDUNG'S "EVE"
The daughter was better.

tation of *Eve*, authenticated as one of the few existing works of the 16th century German master **Hans Baldung**. "Obviously," said Cattrell after the sale, "we shall be able to afford the fare back to Edinburgh."

"I know the play was good," insisted the star. "Everybody up there on the stage can act and sing and dance better than any critics, so who are they to criticize?" Actually, the critics gave Muhammad Ali, better known as **Cassius Clay**, good reviews for his Broadway debut in *Buck White*, but they found the show pretty pallid. It went down for the count after seven performances.

This time around, **Eugene McCarthy** has won a national election. The three-member poetry prize committee of the National Endowment for the Arts has chosen his poem, *Three Bad Signs*, for a \$500 award. Completed during the Indiana primary campaign last year, the poem appears to be a sly indictment of the typical small-town reaction to Clean Gene's crusaders:

*This is a clean, safe town.
No one can just come round
With ribbons and bright thread
Or new books to be read.
This is an established place.
We have accepted patterns in lace,
And ban itinerant vendors of new
forms and whirls,
And things that turn the heads
of girls . . .*

EDUCATION

Opposition Press on Campus

At more and more campuses across the nation, student radicals have found a powerful new voice for protest: they have gained control of established college newspapers and turned them into journals of dissent.

Dozens of once-moderate college papers are devoting headlines and columns to revolution, black power, drugs and alleged police repression. The University of Wisconsin's *Daily Cardinal* has irked state legislators by printing four-letter words. A recent—and typical—front page carried off-campus stories about the S.D.S. militancy in Chicago and the failure of the state assembly to resolve welfare problems. In California last month, after San Jose State College's *Spartan Daily* ran a straightforward front-page news story on the founding of a campus chapter of the Gay Liberation Front, scandalized trustees of the state's 19-campus college system overrode protests by faculty and student leaders and voted to tighten censorship on all student newspapers.

Investive and Results. At State College in Fitchburg, Mass., the school's president canceled an entire issue of the student paper *Cycle* to prevent the publication of an obscenity-filled article by Black Panther Leader Eldridge Cleaver. The *Harvard Crimson*, though relatively restrained in its news reporting, has a majority faction of New Leftists who often ran through radical editorials and feature stories. In one recent story, *Crimson* staffer Richard E. Hyland defended terrorism and wrote: "The only reason I wouldn't blow up the Center for International Affairs is that I might get caught."

Such extreme radicalism has produced a reaction: moderates as well as conservatives, taking issue with the New Left, have begun to seek forums for their views. Feeling that their voices would be muted on the established campus newspapers, they have started new publications that compete with the radicalized papers.

At Harvard, for example, the *Crimson* now has a moderate rival called the *Harvard Independent*, a 16-page weekly that published 10,000 copies of its first issue in October. Headed by Morris Abram Jr., son of the president of Brandeis University, the *Independent* aims to print opposing views of campus issues. The University of Wisconsin's new opposition weekly, the *Badger Herald*, promised at first to keep its news columns free of advocacy, but swung quickly to the right to reflect the views of its founders, the Young Americans for Freedom. After 93 years of campus monopoly, the *Daily Princetonian* is being challenged by an offset giveaway called the *Princeton Notice*, which veers erratically from left to right. M.I.T. now boasts

no fewer than five campus papers representing virtually all shades of the student political spectrum.

Most of the new papers lack manpower and money. Relatively few moderate and conservative students seem willing to invest the time necessary to publish a college newspaper; and most college towns provide scarcely enough advertising to support one student paper, let alone two. Moreover, some of the conservative publications are as invective-filled as any radical paper. For example, *Ergo*, one of M.I.T.'s new publications, recently called the school's antiwar-research demonstrators "neo-Nazis" and "syndicalist swine." Still, the new opposition press is getting results. Says *Crimson* President James Fallows: "It's unhealthy for an institution to exist as long as we have without competition. Undoubtedly, it's made us check harder into what we cover."

Christmas in the Classroom

Chances are that no one would object if a school put children's drawings of snowmen and candy canes in its windows at Christmastime—but how about stars and angels? Questions like this have become pertinent since the Supreme Court's 1962 school-prayer decision. But they are difficult to answer. Unable to define a consistent policy toward what is both a religious and a secular holiday and a major event in Western culture, most school officials have adopted a hands-off policy. They generally leave principals and teachers free to organize whatever parties, pageants and other observances they think appropriate. When the school administration in Marblehead, Mass., tried to become more precise, the result was a

ruckus that promised to make the season anything but jolly.

Past Christmas observances in Marblehead's seven elementary schools (total enrollment: 2,270) differed little from those in other school systems. Children made window decorations, trimmed trees, sang carols and exchanged gifts at classroom parties. To some parents among the town's substantial Jewish minority, however, the celebrations seemed too Christian in character. Seeking to head off complaints, School Superintendent Aura W. Coleman met in November with four rabbis, four Protestant ministers and a Roman Catholic monsignor. They drew up a statement that Christmas observances should "avoid using subject matter of a theological or symbolic nature which might in any way result in embarrassment to any group of pupils."

Scrooge Is Alive. That seemed innocuous enough, but the principal of one school interpreted the word "symbolic" to mean that he should ban any references whatsoever to Christmas. He sent teachers a memo forbidding not only carols and trees but gifts and Santa Claus as well. In protest, outraged fathers marched around Coleman's home at night carrying Santa balloons, and 50 children picketed an emergency meeting of the school board. They carried signs reading SCROOGE IS ALIVE AND WELL IN MARBLEHEAD and SANTA HAS DONE NO WRONG—DON'T SUSPEND HIM FROM SCHOOL.

After the emergency meeting, School Board Chairman Richard Farrell declared last week that "the whole thing was a great misunderstanding" and "the program of observing religious holidays in Marblehead schools will continue as in the past." In Marblehead as elsewhere, it seems, the best Christmas policy is no policy.

AL BRADLEY

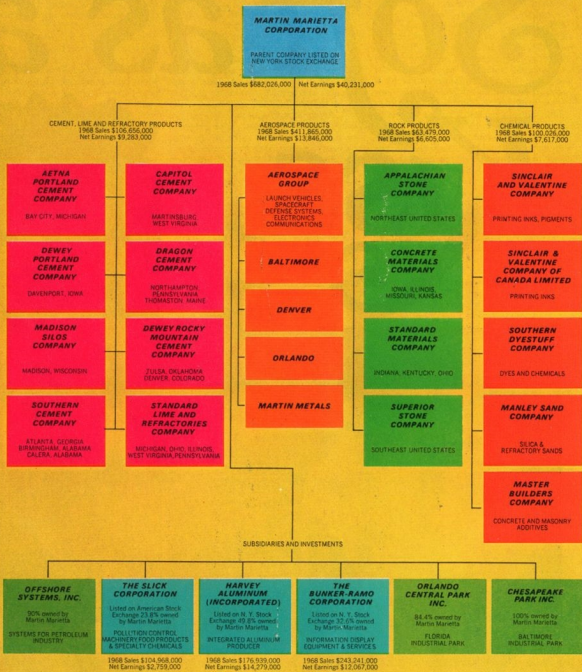


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SPORT

Farewell to Put-Puts

Except for a few small details, the scene could have been "The Brickyard" at Indianapolis or Florida's famed Daytona Speedway. In the stands, thousands of fans cheered their favorites as big-league factory teams fought for that extra profit a racing victory always brings. Around and around the four-mile course, the world's best drivers gunned their big machines, each one perfectly tuned and tended by pit crews capable of performing mechanical marvels with spectacular ease. The speeds were startling, the promise of disaster ever present.

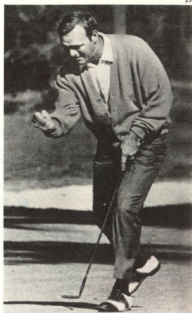
The difference was that this contest was on water—at Lake Havasu, Ariz.—not on racetrack asphalt. The competing manufacturers were Outboard Marine Corp. and the Kiekhaefer Mercury Division of Brunswick Corp., not Detroit's major automakers. And the machines were outboard motorboats, not racing cars.

Outboard racing has come a long way since the days when a handful of happy-go-lucky amateurs toiled around in one-cylinder put-puts. Today's engines are V-4s and straight 6s, pounding out 155 h.p. And there are as many as three of the monsters on each craft. Outboard Marine readily admits to spending 1% of its gross outboard sales on its racing team, and rumors are that Kiekhaefer, maker of Mercury engines, invests as much as \$3,000,000 a year on dozens of races at California's Tahoe, Elsinore and Parker Dam.

Of all the races, last week's Outboard World Championship was the biggest, richest and roughest in history.

The eight-hour marathon had 111 drivers fighting for \$50,000 in prize money, much of it put up by Havasu's developer, Oilman Robert McCulloch. Between them, Outboard Marine and Kiekhaefer Mercury had no fewer than 40 boats in the field. By the end of the race, most of the craft were fit only for beach-party kindling. Within the first two hours, gusty 20-m.p.h. winds caused at least a dozen boats to flip into spray-spewing somersaults; others slammed sickeningly into the treacherous shoals bordering the course. Bill Petty of Wapakoneta, Ohio, driving a deep-vee hull powered by triple Mercury engines, jumped into the lead, held it for 1½ hours, then shrieked into a turn at 70 m.p.h., cut the corner too close and grazed the bottom. The mistake cost him two propellers and part of one engine. Incredibly, Mercury's six-man pit crew repaired the damage in barely 20 minutes. But by then it was too late. Outboard Marine's Cesare Scotti, a tough little Italian marina operator, had taken the lead.

Free of the Chop. For power, Scotti had two 115-h.p. engines stacked on his stern; for a hull, he had one of the new "tunnel" designs developed by his countryman Angello Molinari. The hull consists of an airfoil-like center flanked by two pontoons. Their effect is to lift the boat out of the water and allow it to ride free of the chop on a cushion of air. In the straightaways, Scotti's black-and-yellow striped boat blasted over the waves at more than 100 m.p.h. By the 3 p.m. gun, he had averaged an incredible 73 m.p.h. for 584 miles, more than enough to take the \$15,000 first prize.



PALMER AT HERITAGE CLASSIC

100 sit-ups a day keep the doctor away.

The Course That Jack Built

Trying to beat Jack Nicklaus on his own golf course is like trying to beat Howard Hughes in a Nevada real estate deal. Yet that was the prospect faced by 143 P.G.A. players in the recent \$100,000 Heritage Golf Classic at Hilton Head, S.C. The course was designed by Architect Pete Dye in constant consultation with Nicklaus, who, at 29, has been playing some of the best golf of his career. In three outings on the tour this fall, he won the Sahara Invitational and the Kaiser International tournament and finished second in the Hawaiian Open. He figured to be unbeatable on his own layout.

But the grand opening of the course that Jack built was spoiled by a gaffer named Arnold Palmer. For two years rumors have been circulating that a chronic hip ailment was going to force Palmer out of golf for good. His last victory came in September 1968; this year his game was so discouraging that he dropped off the tour in August for some rest and recuperation. "I've been doing 100 sit-ups a day," says Arnie. "Every so often I get a twinge in my hip, but it's not enough to affect my swing. I'm hitting the ball as well as I ever have, even to the point where I can now drive head to head with Jack."

Palmer did just that in the Heritage. With "Arnie Army" cheering him on, he jumped off to a three-stroke lead over Nicklaus in the opening round and maintained that edge during the next two days. Although Palmer slipped to a 74 in the final round, Nicklaus did even worse—four bogeys on the last nine to run up a 75 for the round and give Palmer his 69th professional victory.



SCOTTI RACING TO VICTORY AT LAKE HAVASU
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**On The Move.**

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ENVIRONMENT

Out of the Fog

For more than 600 years, Londoners alternately cursed and boasted about their famous fogs. In 1852, Charles Dickens wrote of leaden skies filled with black soot that resembled snowflakes "gone into mourning for the death of the sun." Some 60 years later, T. S. Eliot immortalized the "... yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes." Fog shrouded the malevolent doings of London villains from Jack the Ripper to Mr. Hyde, and was all too familiar to Sherlock Holmes, who frequently set forth from Baker Street picking his way through a real "pea-souper."

Yet today, to the dismay of moviemakers and the delight of countless

P. A. REUTER



LONDON "PEA-SOUPER"
After a century, songbirds.

Britons, London fog has virtually vanished. Only three or four times a year does anything that can credibly be described as fog descend on the city. Even then, it is never the suffocating, smoke-laden, brown or yellow stuff that once mantled the city with dreary regularity—and sometimes lethal results. This year London skies were clear even during November, usually the foggiest month.

The fog crept to its peak in 1952, when Londoners learned a hard lesson: if there was romance and mystery in the murk, there was also death. During the Great Fog of 1952, which cloaked London for four days, some 4,000 people, most of them with respiratory illnesses, were killed by the polluted air; about twice that number perished later as a direct result of those four terrible days. Until then, a succession of monarchs, Prime Ministers and Parliaments had

tried in vain to ban the burning of soft coal, which was largely responsible for the pea-soupers. But the killer fog—followed by a study concluding that air pollution was costing the country about \$700 million a year in lost efficiency and cleaning bills—jolted the British into action. In 1956, a Clean Air Act aimed at industrial and domestic air polluters was pushed through Parliament. Most important, the traditional burning of soft coal in hearth grates was prohibited in large areas across Britain.

Bright Buildings. To comply with the new regulations, British industry has spent nearly a billion dollars in the past decade to clean up the emissions from its smokestacks.

London has led the way in smoke control. The 156,000 tons of sooty grime it once belched into the air annually have been cut by 80%, and about three-quarters of the city is actually smokeless. "We estimate that London now gets 50% more sunlight in the winter than before the act," says Lord Kennet. What is more, many of Britain's public buildings have been scrubbed down and look brighter than they have in decades, if not centuries.

Perhaps the most pleasing result, for London bird watchers at least, is that the songbirds missing from the city for almost a century are returning. The first house martins in nearly 80 years have been found nesting near Primrose Hill. Elsewhere, rare birds such as the snow bunting, the hoopoe, the great northern diver and the bearded tit have reappeared. It may be only a matter of time before nightingales return to sing once again in Berkeley Square.

Hope for Elms

"My boyhood home had tremendous elms," recalls John Hansel, 45, a New Jersey manufacturer of watercoolers. "Those trees were my symbols of the past." In fact, Hansel bought his present house in Riverside, Conn., mainly because four venerable elms shaded the front yard. Unfortunately, two of the trees soon died, victims of the Dutch elm disease that now kills about 1,000,000 trees a year in the U.S. Distraught, Hansel launched a personal crusade to save the threatened species. In 1965, unimpressed by the botanists who believed that the American elm was doomed, Hansel set up Elms Unlimited, which has since promoted the planting of 20,000 elm seedlings. In 1967 he changed the 500-member organization's name to Elm Research Institute and aimed it at the root of the problem. Said he: "The fight against Dutch elm disease will be won in the laboratory."

Hansel was not the first to mount a scientific assault on elm disease. Experts have long known that it is caused by a fungus, carried by the elm-bark beetle, that clogs the tree's circulatory system. But ever since the disease hit the U.S.



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HANSEL & FRIENDS
A personal crusade.

In the early 1930s, every cure has failed. DDT may kill birds as well as the beetles; another pesticide named Bidrin sometimes destroys the trees. Frantic elm owners have resorted to such quack remedies as turpentine injections or driving galvanized nails into the trunks (in hopes that the zinc oxide will deter the fungus). So far, the only solution has been to chop down and haul away infected trees, a process that prevents the disease from spreading to healthy elms.

Hardy Siberians. Now there is new hope for elm lovers. Funded with a \$30,000 grant from Hansel's institute, Entomologist Dale Norris of the University of Wisconsin recently discovered a subtle chemical reaction that occurs when beetles attack elms. It is the quinol compounds in elm bark, he found, that make the tree delectable to beetles. Paradoxically, when the insects begin to munch, oxidation changes the tasty quinols into quinones that repel the beetles. By this time, unfortunately, the beetles have already infected the tree with deadly fungus. To ward off the beetles, Norris is now working to synthesize a quinone-like, nontoxic repellent that can be injected into the tree or sprayed on the bark.

In a parallel attack on elm disease, the U.S. Department of Agriculture intends to cross the disease-prone American elm with the hardy Siberian variety. Even if the hybrid is a success, elm lovers are not likely to be pleased. The new tree clearly lacks the grace of its American parent. "It has a single, central trunk rather than our beautiful vase-like division," says Hansel. "Who will want a tree that looks more like a maple than an elm?"

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NEW ISSUE

November 26, 1969

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Jean Piaget: Mapping the Growing Mind

It is late afternoon, but the four-year-old insists: "It can't be. I haven't had my nap." Such is the mind of the child, by most indications illogical and full of nonsense. Not so, says Jean Piaget, a grumpy, mountain-climbing Swiss philosopher who is also one of the world's foremost child psychologists. Few researchers have so meticulously or provocatively mapped that terra incognita, the mental world of children. For 50 years, Piaget, now 73, has been discovering through deceptively simple experiments that children actually have surprisingly intricate thinking skills that adults should learn to appreciate and understand better than they do.

Piaget was little heeded in the U.S. during the 1940s and early '50s. Not all of his 30 abstruse books and myriad articles had yet been translated from their original French and, says one child psychologist, "we ignored him because we were so busy with Freud." Piaget's current acceptance is a clear sign of how the preoccupation with orthodox Freudian concerns is broadening to other areas (TIME, March 7). A flood of Piaget translations and explications has appeared.* Piaget-oriented researchers are expanding and following up his leads, and his insights are in growing vogue among U.S. educators, psychologists and some parents. The most enthusiastic compare his work in significance to Freud's pioneering exploration of the emotions. What many people find so appealing about Piaget, as Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles points out, is that in contrast to psychoanalytically oriented researchers, he emphasizes "man the developing thinker rather than man the neurotic."

Dreams That Fly. As Freud found that slips of the tongue are keys to the unconscious, Piaget finds that the mental "mistakes" children make are clues to intellectual processes that are really precursors of grown-up thinking. An infant, for example, initially may suck at almost anything that comes near his mouth; soon, when he is hungry, he learns to persevere only when his lips

close over a nipple. The reflex-driven gropings by which he learns to recognize the nipple and distinguish it from a rattle, as Piaget sees it, are a first use of trial-and-error logic. Piaget considers this learning process of infancy one phase in the first of four distinct but sometimes overlapping stages. The other stages: ages two to seven, seven to eleven, and eleven to 15.

During the second stage, the child thinks about everything in terms of his own activities; he believes that the moon

ing attention only to static features of his environment, not to transformations. Now, at the age Piaget calls that of "concrete" intellectual activity, the child can deduce that pouring does not change the quantity of the water. He has begun to reason and to grasp the essential principle of the equation.

Between the ages of eleven and 15, the child begins to deal with abstractions and, in a primitive but methodical way, set up hypotheses and then test them, as a scientist does. In one experiment, Piaget handed children a weight at the end of a string and asked them to find out what determines the speed of the pendulum's swing. As he watched and asked questions, he found that the children were spontaneously considering all

the possible variations: changing the weight, letting it drop from increasing heights, giving it stronger shoves, or changing the length of the string. Even children who never had seen pendulums before tried each possibility until they found that only shortening or lengthening the string did the trick. Quite possibly, Piagetians sometimes speculate, adolescents' fascination with their ability to visualize alternatives is what makes them so eager to test new life-styles and utopian ideals.

Classroom Hens. The timetable that seems to control the development of intellectual skills, Piaget is convinced, suggests that man's capacity for logical thought is not learned but is embedded, along with hair color and sex, in his genes. These innate rational tendencies do not mature, however, unless they are used. Although Piaget has refrained from applying his findings directly to teaching, educators see some implications. A child cannot be forced to develop understanding any faster than the rate at which his powers mature to their full potential, and there is a limit to what over-eager parents and teachers can achieve. At the same time, a child who does not get the chance to apply his developing abilities and test their limitations may never reach his full intellectual capacity. Thus programs aimed at the disadvantaged, like Operation Head Start, may greatly increase a child's chance of attaining that potential.

Piaget has observed repeatedly that children explore the complexities of their world with immense zest, and his findings have given encouragement and innumerable specific suggestions to the "discovery method" of teaching. Now used in many schools across the U.S. and in Great Britain, the method draws also on the ideas of John Dewey, Italian Educator Maria Montessori and Harvard Psychologist Jerome Bruner. Discovery classrooms, in essence, are informal laboratories where children gain



JEAN PIAGET
Charts for terra incognita.

follows him around, or that dreams fly in through his window when he goes to bed. Erroneous though these ideas are, they help the child comprehend that actions have causes. In this period, the child is not egocentric by choice. Parents should understand, says the University of Rochester's David Elkind, a leading Piaget scholar, that intellectual immaturity and not moral perversity is the reason why a preschooler continues to pester his mother even after she plainly tells him she has a headache.

Learning Alternatives. The child reaches the threshold of grown-up logic as early as seven and usually by eleven. Before that point, he may think that water becomes "more to drink" when it is poured from a short, squat glass into a tall, thin one with the same capacity. The reason for this stubborn misconception is that the child is pay-

* American publishers recently have brought out two guides for laymen, *Piaget's Theory of Intellectual Development* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95), and *An Outline of Piaget's Developmental Psychology for Students and Teachers* (Basic Books, \$4.95). In addition Piaget and his longtime associate, Bärbel Inhelder, have summarized his discoveries in a new book called *The Psychology of the Child* (Basic Books, \$5.95).



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your RCA dealer for the details. What could be simpler?



an early familiarity with the principles of Euclidean geometry by manipulating variously shaped objects, and learn fundamentals of counting and reproduction by charting the egg production of classroom hens. As Piaget said recently, "a ready-made truth is only half a truth. The goal of education is not to increase the amount of knowledge but to create possibilities for a child to invent and discover, to create men who are capable of doing new things."

Piaget himself is a lapsed biologist who never outgrew his fascination with the orderly growth of organisms. Born in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, he was a child prodigy who published important papers on mollusks before he was out of high school, later became "haunted by the idea of discovering a sort of embryology of intelligence." In 1920 he went to work in the Paris laboratory of Psychologist Théodore Simon, a co-developer with Alfred Binet of the first successful IQ test. Poring over the "wrong" answers that children regularly gave on the tests, Piaget was surprised to see that the responses fell into patterns that differed according to the children's ages.

Appointed director of studies at Geneva's Rousseau Institute, Piaget continued to investigate this phenomenon. He spent long hours observing the crib activity of his own three children, shot marbles on hands and knees with Genevan boys as he tested their ideas and feelings about ethics and the rules of games, and gently asked schoolchildren questions about the numbers and groupings of flowers and beads that he gave them to play with. His investigations led him to detailed observations on how children acquire such complicated concepts and abilities as space, geometry, causality, logic, moral judgment and memory. *Le Patron*, as he is known to associates, currently presides over a staff of 25 at his Institute of Educational Science and churns out most of his books and articles during long summer retreats at a farmhouse in the Alps.

Compelling Conception. Piaget's critics feel that his conclusions are based more on his canny intuition than on demonstrable scientific evidence. He scorns the use of statistical measurements and controls, which makes it difficult to prove that the children he has studied are typical. Some educators and child-guidance experts, particularly in the U.S., say Piaget's sweeping concepts are of little help in explaining or diagnosing the differing motivations and accomplishments of individual children.

Nonetheless, supporters outnumber detractors. Harvard's Bruner, Piaget's most appreciative critic in the U.S., voices a common reaction when he acknowledges that Piaget's general conception of the growing mind "is so compelling that even in attacking it one is inevitably influenced by it." At the very least, Jean Piaget has enabled adults to approach children more sensitively and realistically—and perhaps even with greater awe.

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MUSIC

Singing Is Believing

"I'll believe it when I see it," one insider cynically commented on prospects of peace between New York's Metropolitan Opera and the musicians' unions. "Not until they actually get through a whole performance. Even then, there'll be room for doubt."

After weeks of on-again, off-again bargaining, ungently rancor and disingenuous wrangling, such skepticism was understandable. Yet last week it seemed that the angry artists (orchestra, chorus, dancers and soloists) and the Met management had at last agreed to agree on a compromise. Whether they acted out of real reconciliation or sheer fatigue remained a question.

Locked out last August by Met General Manager Rudolf Bing—because the Met did not want to begin rehearsals until contracts had been signed with the unions (*TIME*, Sept. 26)—the artists had proved angrier and more obdurate than anyone had thought possible. After the Met's lawyer temporarily blocked their unemployment compensation with a legal technicality, they refused Bing's first (and not notably generous) pay offer. As, little by little, he went up, they began holding out not merely for a better contract, but also for back pay to cover the rapidly mounting number of lost weeks. If it took several months to bring the Met to an acceptable contract offer, it also took all that time and more for the artists to resign themselves to a chilling fact: they would either forgo the back pay or see the Metropolitan destroyed through a deadly spiral of distrust and misunderstanding.

Solvaged Season. The proposed three-year contract calls for increasing salaries to an annual \$19,500 minimum for orchestra musicians, \$13,400 for chorus and \$11,180 for ballet dancers. The package would eventually cost the Met \$3,000,000 a year. It would also make the orchestra and chorus the highest-paid in America—though they work longer hours than any comparable group.

Some unspecified wrinkles about working conditions remain to be smoothed out. Flashes of temperamental lightning could still postpone or even wreck the whole proceeding. Nonetheless, both management and the artists have started trying to scrape together a new Met season, and it could get under way either Dec. 29 or Jan. 5.

Just how much damage had been done? As Bing and his aides desperately juggled logistics, it seemed considerable, but far less than had appeared likely during the gloomiest weeks of struggle. Most of the star singers are available, but fitting them into an impromptu schedule will be a computer-size job. The delay has ruled out four fancy new productions: Herbert von Karajan's long-awaited *Siegfried*, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, Weber's gloomily romantic *Der*



THE MET'S RUDOLF BING
Danger from temperamental lightning.

Freischütz, and a Russian-language *Boris Godunov*. But the Met's first week will probably open with *Aida* and Leontyne Price, and there are plans for brand-new productions by Franco Zeffirelli of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, along with Renata Tebaldi's *Tosca* and a so-far-uncast *La Traviata*. Thereafter, apparently, except for Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne in a new *Norma*, the 16 offerings will be familiar.

It will be a patched-up season at best, the result of a patched-up peace. "Bing stood up and took his medicine like a man," one musician grudgingly admitted. "He accepted the responsibility, and he never tried to pass the buck." The accusations and invective hurled back and forth during the bargaining revealed profound bitterness. Even allowing for intense partisanship, the persistent charges of extravagance and administrative mismanagement made against some of Bing's aides suggest that the Met's general manager will need to put his own house in order once he gets the season going.

Not that mere administrative reform will cure the basic trouble—the increasingly impossible task of privately financing public cultural institutions that do not pay for themselves. Expenses mount yearly. Tightening income tax laws and threatened restrictions on foundation grants make the endowment of artistic projects less and less attractive. The Met is not the only artistic organization in trouble. Dozens of orchestras across the country find themselves barely able to pay their musicians and keep going, even with massive help from local contributors. One obvious, if unpalatable answer lies in some form of Government

subsidy of the arts. But that is hardly likely to come about, with so many other demands on Government. Working out a long-range solution will no doubt make Bing's labor problems look as simple to resolve as a dominant seventh.

Opera on Your Own

Whatever happens at the Met, there is no reason to go without opera this Christmas. The record companies have been as productive as ever and some of their releases are of extraordinary quality.

Cavalli: L'Ormindo (Argo). Something practically unheard-of: an authentic, workable masterpiece miraculously retrieved from the past. One of the 17th century Venetian composers influenced by Monteverdi, Francesco Cavalli wrote melodiously, with great penetration into the personal relationships of his characters. The present recording stems from an edition pieced together by Raymond Leppard from musical fragments for a Glyndebourne production in 1967. The result is musically and dramatically spellbinding.

Mozart: Idomeneo (Philips). Like most *opera seria*, this one depends on gods, a sea monster, women pretending to be men and an unusual ability on the part of the audience to take the whole thing seriously. But the music is Mozart at his best, requiring only a great conductor and a great cast to do it justice. It gets just that. Colin Davis fans the music to a fierce, steady glow. Highlights: George Shirley's rock-etlike traversal of *Fuor del mar*—a crippling catalogue of coloratura devices—and Elettra's two arias sung by Pauline Tinsley, a British dramatic soprano whose voice has an electric radiance that recalls Ina Souez and Ljuba Welitsch at their best.

Richard Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier (London). Conducted by Georg Solti, this *Rosenkavalier* neatly obliterates its recorded competition. Three lush-voiced ladies (Régine Crespin, Helen Donath and Yvonne Minton) keep the story poised convincingly between spring and autumn and the music teetering tenderly on the verge of tears. The big cast is stuffed with the names of well-loved Viennese singers, as well as the Met's sensational new tenor, Luciano Pavarotti.

Donizetti: Roberto Devereux (Westminster). Just as memorably melodic as *Lucia* but far more powerful. Beverly Sills' Queen Elizabeth has all the expected coloratura dazzle but with chest tones and a dramatic style that should raise her already formidable reputation several notches higher.

Henze: Three Cantatas (Deutsche Grammophon). Once a leading German avant-garde composer, Henze often writes mistily modern and weirdly beautiful music. In this score, German Soprano Edda Moser floats through the vocal stratosphere with astonishing ease, and demonstrates a bewildering range of sound and color.

RELIGION

Liberating the Greg

For more than four centuries, Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University has been both the pride and the protector of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. Eight of its alumni have become saints. Thirty-three have been beatified. Fifteen have become Pope, from Gregory XV (1621-23) to Paul VI. Every year 30 to 40 of its alumni become bishops. Fully two-thirds of the church's seminary professors of theology have taken some part of their education at the Gregorian.

That success has not been without its costs. When Ignatius Loyola founded

enough. First, Pope Paul VI eased out conservative Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, secretary of the Sacred Congregation on Education and ex-officio chancellor of the Gregorian. He was replaced by a liberal French prelate, Gabriel Cardinal Garrone. Then, in 1966, the Pope named Canadian-born Sociologist Hervé Carrier, now 48, as rector.

This fall, as the Greg heads into its fourth year of Carrier's rectorship, the changes are little short of astonishing:

COEDS: Girls have invaded what was once an exclusively male world; this year there are 198 females, mostly laywomen, among the Greg's 2,858 stu-

ALDO SURAZZI



UNIVERSITY RECTOR CARRIER
Defending Rome against Rome.

the "Greg" in 1551, he conceived of it as an intellectual citadel from which to battle the Reformation, and until 1966 it remained a bastion of authoritarian conservatism. Classes consisted of dry lectures in Latin, with no chance for student participation. Seminarians had virtually no lives of their own. They could leave their residence only in groups, and could never enter a store or restaurant. They could not take secular newspapers. They could not even wear trousers; instead, the members of the more than 200 scattered residential colleges, representing 78 countries, wore colored cassocks, each color denoting a different nationality, and round, flat hats.

Beer, Blondes and Buñuel. The Second Vatican Council changed all that. Although seminarians at the Greg had been advised by their colleges not even to discuss the council while it was in progress, the meeting had its effect soon

dents. The majority are in the Institute of Religious Sciences for the Laity or the social sciences department, but a pert German blonde, Hannalore Oestler, 25, is studying in the department of theology, planning to get a doctorate and return to Germany to become religious editor of a newspaper.

DISCIPLINE: With the arrival of feminine skirts on campus, the male seminarians' soutanes quickly vanished. In their place are typically collegiate "civies": khaki pants, sweaters, windbreakers and sports jackets. Students may visit Rome's shops and restaurants. In the Greg's main building, a new snack bar serves beer as well as coffee between classes.

CINEMA COURSES: Only a few years ago, Gregorian students were forbidden to enter Rome movie houses; on-campus movies were limited to mild fare like *My Fair Lady*. Now students not only may go to movies in town, but get pretty heady fare on campus. Last year Father Nazareno Taddei, a cinema expert, introduced a course on

"Faith and Unbelief in the Contemporary Cinema"—and illustrated it with uncut showings of avant-garde films by Antonioni, Bresson, Buñuel, Dreyer, Pasolini and Bergman. Vatican conservatives howled "Pornography!" when Taddei ran Bergman's erotic *The Silence*, but the show went on.

PROTESTANT PROFESSORS: The first Protestant to lecture at the Greg was Methodist Theologian J. Robert Nelson of Boston University, who gave a course last year on the ecumenical movement. This year the resident Protestant is Dr. Dale Moody, a Southern Baptist theologian from Louisville Baptist Seminary, whose subject is baptism and Christian unity. Next year Rector Carrier hopes to add a Jew to the faculty to teach a course in Jewish culture.

LANGUAGE: "Latin," says Carrier emphatically, "just wasn't working any more." Out it went as the Gregorian's language of instruction. Instead, courses are taught in modern languages, usually Italian but sometimes French, English or Spanish.

STUDENT POWER: By far the greatest strides have been made in student freedom. Gregorian students exercise more power than students at many American secular campuses. Under Carrier's definition of "co-responsibility," students must have at least one-fourth to one-third of the membership on each departmental council, and are guaranteed a third of the votes on the university senate. They participate in revising university statutes, planning the curriculum, creating professorships, approving the budget and even naming (when the need arises) a new rector. Students now have their own uncensored campus newspaper, which enjoys tilting at sacred cows; last spring, in an editorial on "party-line journalism," it cheekily compared *L'Osservatore Romano* with *Pravda*.

If the old patterns of alumni success persist, the Gregorian promises to create some interesting members of the hierarchy in the next generation. "Our job," explains American Student Nelson Minnich, "is to defend Rome against Rome."

The Morality of Bundling

With tongue in cheek, *Christianity Today* noted the renaissance of a fine old Puritan practice. In Pottstown, Pa., teen-agers have banded together in the Society to Bring Back Bundling as a distinct improvement over the variable climate and other distractions of, say, the drive-in theater and dead-end street. Reports the magazine: "Parents and preachers, roused by a badly bungled moral code, banned bundling; better heating in larger homes cooled it. Bundling has been rekindled by a spark from a new moral code." Said the president of the Pottstown bundlers: "In many colleges, boys and girls today are allowed in the dormitories without supervision. Surely our conduct is far above this." Concludes *Christianity Today*: "Perhaps it is—if bundlers abed by the rules."

* Named for Pope Gregory XIII, who in 1582 ordered the erection of larger quarters for Loyola's *Collegium Romanum*.

"All Advertising Should Be Truthful"

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from November 10, 1969

Advertising Age

The National Newspaper of Marketing

The Truth Seems a Little Twisted

This is not an attempted defense of cigarets or cigaret advertising.

It is a simple affirmation of the belief that the rules of fairness, accuracy and truth in advertising should apply to all advertisers—including the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Assn.

Commercials currently appearing on the air on behalf of these organizations—and they are very good commercials, as we have testified frequently—make untruthful and misleading statements which no commercial advertiser could hope to get away with.

They should be stopped.

These commercials say, without any qualification, that cigaret smoking, on the average, reduces a smoker's life by 8.3 years, and that every cigaret you smoke takes a minute of your life. These are wild, unsupported allegations. They should not be permitted on the air.

The theory that "anything is all right if the right people do it" holds no water at all. All advertising should be truthful, in fact and in implication. This particular statement is neither. It should not be permitted.

What is Advertising Age?

- The national newspaper of the advertising and marketing industry
- A constant champion of truth in advertising
- Not a defender of smoking

Crunch at the Council

Is the National Council of Churches an anachronism? Founded in a flush of enthusiasm 19 years ago to promote ecumenism and cooperative social action among Christian churches, the council has come under increasing fire lately. Critics—many of them inside the N.C.C.—argue that its cumbersome bureaucracy can do little more than issue position papers on current problems, and that practical accomplishments like its controversial Delta Ministry, which works among poor Mississippi Negroes, are rare exceptions. During preparations for this month's triennial general assembly in Detroit, *Christian Century* predicted that the N.C.C. would see "a crunch of intense feelings and an un-

sentenced the proposals coherently at the assembly. And when the chance came to nominate a candidate, they threw their support behind the unlikely choice of the National Committee of Black Churchmen: Leon Watts, 34, an articulate but little-known minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. Even more unrealistic was the rebels' choice for president—the Rev. Albert B. Cleage Jr., 58, pastor of Detroit's Shrine of the Black Madonna and author of a book (*The Black Messiah*) that contends that Jesus was black.

Red Paint. Beyond racial harangues (including a shrill appearance by Black Manifesto Author James Forman), the more than 500 delegates heard a long, high-pitched debate on the war and the draft. After the assembly decided not to "accept custody" of the draft card of a 20-year-old delegate, Episcopal Priest Dick York of the Berkeley Free Church told the council that it had blood on its hands. York walked along the officers' table, splashing red paint on their papers. Next day, however, delegates voted overwhelmingly in favor of a resolution defending critics of the Viet Nam War, and urged that the U.S. withdraw all troops by the end of 1970, with or without the blessing of the Thieu government.

In the two contested elections for high office, Challenger Leon Watts was defeated by General Secretary Espy, 382-100, and Mrs. Wedel outdrew Albert Cleage for president, 387-93. A former vice president of the N.C.C. and wife of Episcopal Canon Theodore O. Wedel, Mrs. Wedel will succeed Arthur S. Flemming, former U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

The new leaders now hope to push ahead with a plan to expand the council into a wider ecumenical group embracing both conservative Protestants and Roman Catholics. Whether they can succeed is open to question. For one thing, contributions to the N.C.C. are down half a million dollars (4%) from last year. For another, conservative Protestants may be less than enthusiastic about the trends that became apparent during the Detroit meeting.

Worst of all, suggested a Roman Catholic observer at the meeting, the N.C.C. may be losing its constituency. Dutch Catholic Priest Leo G. M. Altling von Geusau, secretary-general of Rome's International Documentation Center, which does research for the council, warned the delegates that institutional ecumenism is becoming the province of "a smaller and smaller group of ecumenists, meeting and meeting again in endless commissions, running behind the facts." In the meantime, as von Geusau and other critics noted, the young and the disaffected are moving away from churchly institutions, seeking to rediscover the radical meaning of the Gospel in communities and movements that have nothing to do with such established organizations as the National Council of Churches.



N.C.C. PRESIDENT WEDEL
Disruptions in an ecumenical mood.

leashing of the urge to tell it like it is."

The crunch came last week in Detroit's Cobo Hall. In its meetings, at least, the N.C.C. was clearly in tune with the national mood: the air was filled with accusations, polemics, threats, name-calling and disruption. For all that, the assembly still elected the full slate of official nominees, including its first woman president, Cynthia Wedel, 61. A brief rebellion, opposing her and incumbent General Secretary R. H. Edwin Espy with black candidates, failed.

Black Jesus. The reform program that some rebel councilmen had prepared for the meeting seemed reasonable enough. As shaped by Massachusetts Clergyman Stephen C. Rose, the program proposed, among other things, that the council become more of a lay organization engaged in specific social and religious tasks and that its white denominations turn over mission resources to the black and the poor. As a measure of its concern, Rose said, the council should also elect a black general secretary. Yet the insurgents never pre-

Photograph: Mike Brady

*I have died
in Viet Nam.*

*But I have walked
the face of the moon.*



I have befouled the waters
and tainted the air of a
magnificent land. But I have
made it safe from disease.

I have flown through the
sky faster than the sun. But I
have idled in streets made
ugly with traffic.

I have littered the land with
garbage. But I have built upon
it a hundred million homes.

I have divided schools with
my prejudice. But I have sent
armies to unite them.

I have beat down my enemies
with clubs. But I have built
courtrooms to keep them free.

I have built a bomb to destroy
the world. But I have used it
to light a light.

I have outraged my brothers
in the alleys of the ghettos.
But I have transplanted a
human heart.

I have scribbled out filth and
pornography. But I have elevated
the philosophy of man.

I have watched children starve
from my golden towers. But I
have fed half of the earth.

I was raised in a grotesque
slum. But I am surfeited by
the silver spoon of opulence.

I live in the greatest country
in the world in the greatest
time in history. But I scorn
the ground I stand upon.

I am ashamed.
But I am proud.
I am an American.

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CHRISTMAS
SEALS.**

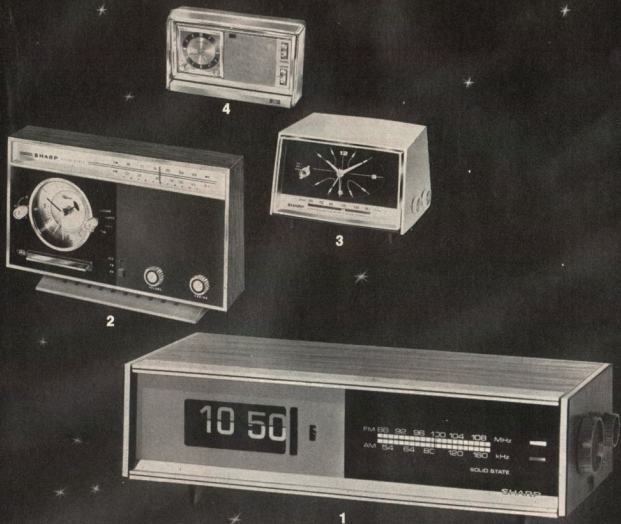


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3 An easy-to-read, wide open face . . . yet it takes so little space. You'll count on it day and night for fine reception. Sleep, knowing you'll be comfortably awake on time. The full-functioning Telechron clock has luminous hands and sweep hand for night-time checking.

4 This compact, fold-away alarm clock-radio is your Sharp travelling companion. Gently it will lull you to sleep with music, then cheerfully awaken you on

time. The clock is fully functional with sleep switch, luminous dial and luminous clock hands. The radio is solid-state and operates on batteries—included. The stunning black and gold case is impact proof.

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*Telechron is a trade name.

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but with manners, and
wrapped it in a handsome
Holiday decanter. He gave
it as a gift to a few
special friends, and ever
since then his decanters
have been a Christmas
tradition. This year
I.W. Harper mellow Gold
Medal and Bottled in
Bond bourbons
both come in their
own classic
crystal-cut decan-
ters and Holiday
cartons.



Why not start a tradition of
your own by putting Mr. Harper's
bourbon on your gift list?
And don't forget yourself.



Mr. Harper's gift decan-
ters and regular
bottles come in ele-
gant cartons—another
reason why his bour-
bon is nicer to give,
and to receive.

SHOW BUSINESS

When Things Come Together

The faces are familiar. He has, at various times in his career, been a Texas convict on the run (*The Chase*), a Southern rail boss (*This Property Is Condemned*), a hung-up Hollywood star (*Inside Daisy Clover*), and the harried young husband in *Barefoot in the Park*—the kind of guy who looks as if he parts his hair with a carpenter's level. Yet, partly as a result of his own sense of willful independence, major stardom has eluded Robert Redford. At least until now, with two Redford films in the theaters and a third coming.

As Sundance in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, Redford plays a cool, sardonic renegade with a deliberate

et now, it was a privilege won only after long wrangles with agents and legal battles over suitable roles with studios. "I work it this way," he says. "If I don't like it, I don't do it."

It's been that way ever since he dropped out of the University of Colorado in 1956 and went on a solitary expedition of discovery. It took him to art school in Paris, carried him through the rest of the Continent, and deposited him with a bump back in the States 13 months later. "It was a black period for me," he recalls. "I didn't know what the hell I wanted to do, except get out of California. I'd grown up there, but I always had this image in my head of living in New York. So I took off for the East with some idea

you did, just brilliant," observed Director Mike Nichols. "You realize, of course, that I will be given credit for it. And you also realize that I will accept it all myself."

Irish Furies. Redford's star was already rising over the West Coast, but its luster was somewhat dimmed by his continual refusal to accept uncongenial projects. "One of my agents wanted me to do this Viking movie. He told me, 'Listen, champ, this is it.' I said I really didn't want to run all over Yugoslavia in horns and a bear fur, so they said, O.K., that's the end, they couldn't work with me anymore." Soon after making the film version of *Barefoot*, Redford refused two more roles—the dreamy-eyed cowboy in *Blue* and the satanic husband in *Rosemary's Baby*. "That was it. They sued me, and I sued them." He spent a year in Hol-



REDFORD BAREFOOT IN THE PARK



AS THE SUNDANCE KID

If you want to get anything done in Hollywood, you've got to fight.



IN "DOWNHILL RACER"

and precise sense of irony. As an eager young skier in *Downhill Racer*, he smoothly combines naïveté and monomaniacal ambition. But his most impressive role is to come. In the new film *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here!*, he appears as a cold-blooded sheriff and gives his most powerfully sustained performance so far. This is plainly the first of what should be many Robert Redford vintage years.

One Big Battle. He looks ready. With melancholy eyes and a guileless face only partially coarsened by a Sundance Kid mustache, he is reminiscent of the more or less traditional Hollywood matinee idol. The resemblance ends right there. He rejects the Hollywood scene, and his conversation is a presagent's nightmare. "Let's face it," he confides with the sort of intensity that adds volumes to every sentence. "If you want to get anything done in Hollywood, you've got to fight. It's just one big battle out there, and I don't need that." If Redford can virtually write his own tick-

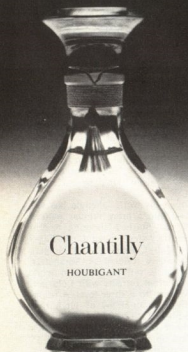
of being an artist. When anybody asked me what I wanted to be—whatever that means, anyway—I'd tell them I wanted to be an art director. That seemed to be a pretty dodgy thing to do."

Enrolling in the American Academy of Dramatic Art ("They had the biggest ad in the paper") Redford took quickly to acting. "I could never talk about it, though. Still can't. All that stuff about motivation and inner meaning is bull. The guys who talk about those things in the restaurant next door are always the ones who freeze up on-stage." Redford stayed loose enough to attract the attention of one of New York's most prestigious agents, who signed him up and got him a quick succession of Broadway roles, culminating in his appearance in Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park* in 1963. The show's biggest single laugh, in fact, came from a Redford improvisation: the moment when he entered his fifth floor walk-up carrying his wheezing mother-in-law in his arms. "That's a brilliant bit

lywood out of work and out of money. It was a time when he used to take long walks to combat what he calls "the Irish furies." His wife Lola would answer the phone and explain to all inquirers: "I'm sorry, Bob went out for a walk to Big Sur. He'll be back in a week."

Although his work schedule has settled down into a more regular pattern (he has just finished shooting a film about motorcycling, called *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*), Redford still hungers for solitude. A resident of Manhattan ("California is only a place to work now"), he often retreats with Lola and their two kids to a three-level A-frame house in the mountains of Utah that he built himself. "I can't really say anything about the place, except that it's 8,000 feet up in the mountains and 45 miles from the nearest city. It's just somewhere I go, where things all come together." The only way things are likely to break apart now is if Redford himself makes the first move.

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(And yours.)



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Hairzapoppin'

When *Hair*, America's first tribal love-rock musical, opened two years ago, it was thought by many to be merely a passing fancy. Not so. Now it is a case of *Hair*, there and everywhere. So prolific has the show become, in fact, that it is difficult to find a spot in the world where *Hair* isn't sprouting.

There are permanent companies in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, London, Berlin, Paris, Sydney, and—get this—Belgrade. And all with four-letter words and the nude scene solidly intact. The show is currently playing in Las Vegas (where the cast was threatened with arrest for, of all things, indecent exposure; but when the guffaws echoed from both coasts, the proposed arrest was canceled). Toronto, Boston, Helsinki and São Paulo will get their *Hair* next year, and rights have been sold in Israel, Italy and Belgium.

All this hairsplitting is not without its dangers, though. The Mexican company ran one night in Acapulco before

the authorities moved in to close the show for "undermining the morals of youth" and put the cast in the local *cárcel* for five hours. By coincidence or something, the date of the Mexico opening was the only one that was not determined by the company astrologer. All other openings have been determined by the stars and planets, and all were financial successes. Even history could not stand in the way of Astrologer Marya Crumere's choice of this week's opening date in Japan—Dec. 7.

The original cast album of *Hair* has sold nearly 3,000,000 copies, and the score has been recorded for various national posterities in Swedish, Spanish, French, German and Japanese. Back home, everyone from Andy Williams to the 5th Dimension has a *Hair* tune on his album. And the producers have opened bidding for the movie rights, now up to \$2.5 million. Which just goes to show that, for American tribal love-rock musicals at least, this is most assuredly the Age of Aquarius. And bread, man.

TELEVISION

Children's Boon for Adults

For adults who long ago decided that the only TV drama worth watching was the evening news and the Super Bowl, a boon awaits in a minuscule series of specials called *CBS Children's Hour*. That's right—children's specials. If *J.T.*, the first offering, is any indication, children and adults alike will be stimulated, moved and entertained by a kind of drama almost never found on commercial television. *J.T.*, which will be broadcast on Saturday, Dec. 13,* is an original story written by Jane Wagner and beautifully directed by Robert Young. It is, mercifully, different from most of the pap usually fed to the kiddies on Saturday mornings. Or to any age group at any time, for that matter. "We wanted a children's drama," explained Mike Dann, senior vice president for programming at CBS television. "But we didn't want Disney. We didn't want a story about a cat in Scotland, in other words."

Real and Horrifying. What they got instead was a realistic and sometimes horrifying account of *J.T.*, a Negro boy played by Kevin Hooks, son of *N.Y.P.D.*'s Robert Hooks. *J.T.* is trying desperately to grow up in Harlem amidst peeling paint, dank buildings, rubbish-filled lots and a way of life that is guaranteed to turn any American Dream into a nightmare. He steals a transistor radio, then befriends a decrepit street cat. He is set upon by two older boys determined to steal the radio from him.

Out of this develops an hour of tele-

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK



KEVIN HOOKS AS J.T.

Out of one reality into another.

vision drama that few viewers will have trouble identifying with, though its story is far from the lives of the nation's more privileged. There are the familiar dilemmas of childhood (stealing, lying, response to bullying), the familiar authority figures (mother, adult store owners, schoolteacher) and familiar emotions (fear, love, sorrow).

After moments of intense despair and fear, the climax does turn out neatly and somewhat happily. But that is quite acceptable simply because the audience has been transported—not into make-believe but out of one kind of reality into another.

Unfortunately, there are only two more programs scheduled for the *Hour* series. Why? "*J.T.* cost \$300,000 as compared with the \$7,000 we normally spend on that hour for kids," explains Dann. But it was worth it.

* 12 noon-1 p.m. E.S.T.; 11 a.m.-12 noon, C.S.T. and P.S.T.; 10 a.m.-11 a.m. M.S.T.

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MODERN LIVING

Winning the Game of Life

The Lifeman is listening to the Expert, who is just back from a trip to Florence and is showing off his newly gathered bits of intelligence. "And I was glad to see with my own eyes," the Expert says, "that this left-wing Catholicism is definitely on the increase in Tuscany." To which the Lifeman replies: "Yes, but not in the South."

Friends and admirers of British Humorist Stephen Potter, who died in London last week at 69, will recognize Lifeman's rejoinder as the Canterbury Block, a devastating all-purpose play. "Yes, but not in the South," as Potter went on to explain in *Some Notes on Lifemanship*, is a phrase that "with slight adjustments, will do for any argument about any place, if not about any person. It is an impossible comment to answer." Lifemanship can take many other directions. One gifted practitioner, cited by Potter in the same volume, dedicated his book "TO PHYLLIS, in the hope that one day God's glorious gift of sight may be restored to her"—thereby precasting as villains any critics unfeeling enough to pan the book. They could not know, to be sure, that Phyllis was the Lifeman's 96-year-old great-grandmother.

Annoying Play. British humor can be highly perishable, and its point is often so obscure as to defy detection—except perhaps, by the British themselves. But Stephen Potter's wry and understated advice on how to win games, including the game of life, with losing hands endeared him to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Any of his satirical books, from the first (*Gamesmanship*, or *The Art of Winning Games*)

to the last (*Golfmanship*), can easily be absorbed at one sitting. One of them, it is impossible to miss Potter's point: that anyone can triumph over all the pompous types who hog the center of the stage—the long-winded bore, the authority, the physician, the superior competitor. How? By using stratagems of such seeming innocence and such Machiavellian obliqueness that the victim scarcely knows he has been pinked. Thus one day, playing golf with a friend, Potter asked "a bit of a favor" on the third hole. But he delayed revealing what he wanted until the 16th. By this time his companion, anxiously speculating on how many pounds—ten? 100?—Potter was going to touch him for, was dubbing every other shot. As it developed, all Potter requested was the loan of a razor blade, a gambit that ruined the remainder of his friend's game. "Relief," added the author, "creates a tendency to pull."

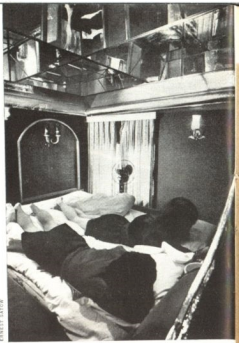
"An intensely annoying play often used by doctors," Potter wrote, "is to treat Patient as if he were as ignorant of all anatomical knowledge as a child of four." He will, for example, "refer to the blood corpuscles as 'the white fellows and the red chaps,'" and will inquire of a constipated lady patient: "How are the bow-wows this morning?" An effective way to reduce such nonsense before it starts, Potter advised, is to cast doubt on the doctor's professionalism: "I am, I suppose, right in calling you Doctor?"

Potter's gentle fun stealthily infiltrated even the halls of diplomacy and government. Some suspect that the late John Foster Dulles' brinkmanship policy could only have been borrowed from Potter's pages—as was, no doubt, that unforgettable confession of Presidential Adviser Jack Valenti, who said that he slept better nights because "Lyndon Johnson is my President. For I know he lives and thinks and works to make sure that for all America, and indeed the free world, the morning shall always come." Yes, but not in the South.

The Moving Beddo

Going to bed in Japan these days often requires a good night's sleep in advance. No more can the weary traveler anticipate curling up on the traditional straw mat, bundled between layers of silken spreads—or even on a regular bed, which is still rare in Japan. Instead, he is likely to find himself a helpless passenger aboard a vehicle that sways from side to side, swoops abruptly to the ceiling, or flips up and down in three-quarter time. For a *beddo* only sounds like a bed. In fact, it is an electronic adventure.

The Japanese yen for "play beds" started slowly enough. First there were the "come-come" models—twins that shot together at the flick of a button.



ASCENDING BED IN KOBE HOTEL

Everything from Pegasus to come-come.

Soon came the "miracle series," or circular double beds, each installed on a turntable on the floor and surrounded by such inbred in-bed necessities as a TV set, refrigerator, hi-fi and completely stocked bar. Only a handful of fun-loving householders could afford a price range of \$1,000-\$13,000, of course, but the Western-style hideaway hotels in the countryside snapped up the *beddos*. Hotel guests were only too delighted to spend \$2.70 (for one hour) or \$10 (for the night) for the chance to join a uniquely Japanese movement.

Now there is the Pegasus, a double bed that climbs three feet up and down; the Seesaw, which makes the bedroom a playground; and the Seesaw Pony, which not only teeters but simultaneously flips a center section up and down. There is an Apollo series, double beds with built-in hi-fi and lighting system designed to create a "mesmerizing bedroom mood," and the Fantasia series, which throws in a movie projector and screen as well.

Greater Bliss. "What's the fun of hopping into beds for the same eternal routines?" asks Buntaro Nagasaka, manager of the Hotel New Japan in Kobe. "We provide our patrons with something new and exciting in beds to help trigger a greater bliss for them." The most sensational trigger: a double bed that moves slowly upward eight feet into a mirror-covered nook in the ceiling. Another, simpler model features a mirror that drops suddenly to a position only four feet over the bed. Explains Manager Nagasaka: "Shocked and terrified, your partner is bound to grab hold of you."

Adds Mr. Nagasaka: "We dress the Western way, we eat Western foods, we work in Western milieus, and we even dance go-go. The trend toward Westernization has at long last begun making us sleep the Western way."



HUMORIST POTTER

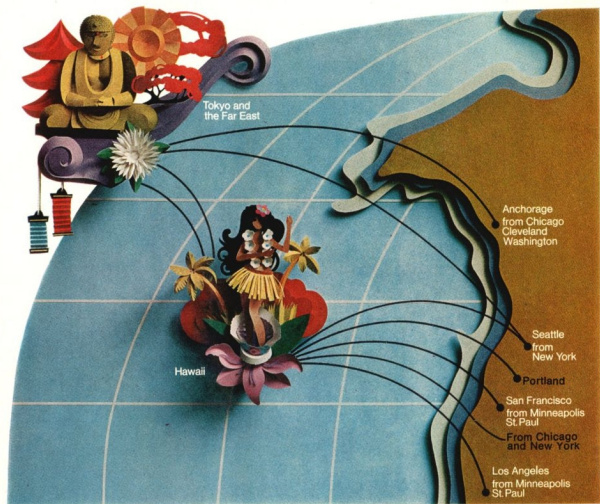
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THE PRESS

The Style of the '60s

For a few frantic years in the '60s, London—swinging and otherwise—became the center of the world of fads and styles. Now the inevitable outburst of reviews of the passing decade has begun, and among the first is a book, *Goodbye Baby & Amen* (Coward-McCann; \$15), by British Entertainment Writer Peter Evans and Photographer David Bailey. Obviously, *Goodbye* is no serious history book. But neither is it just a picture book with filler text.

Bailey's highly subjective shutter shows Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski in a bare-chested embrace, looking like an older, less innocent reincarnation of Romeo and Juliet, Candice Bergen poses as though she belongs on the prow of a ship—and says that she "can't think of anything grimmer than being an ageing actress; god, it's worse than being an ageing homosexual." Rudolf Nureyev romps with Cecil Beaton; Jeanne Moreau presses her fingers nervously to her mouth; Malcolm Muggeridge scowls in fearsome closeup. And Fashion Designer Douglas Hayward remarks: "Everyone is so insecure . . . what can a Rolling Stone do at forty?"

Bailey did not merely photograph

swinging London; he was part of it. As Evans puts it, Bailey was "the prototype of the dashing Cockney photographer"—and the prototype for the hero of *Blow-Up*. Other photographers, of course, collected a lot of money and a lot of girls. But few did it with Bailey's flair. A tailor's apprentice at 15, he was in his mid-20s when he bought his first two-tone Rolls-Royce (light blue on dark blue). At about the same time, he was traveling the world with his favorite model, Jean Shrimpton. Since then, there have been other cars, other trips, other girls. Now 31, Bailey has an annual income of about \$100,000, an E-type Jaguar as well as a Rolls and two other cars, a beautiful and as yet undivorced wife in Catherine Deeneuve, and a wifely, warm-hearted companion in 20-year-old Penelope Tree.

Not everybody, of course, likes Bailey. Or the book. One British reviewer called it "a lugubrious epitaph for our waning decade." Muggeridge called the whole effort commercial bananas. Even Bailey doesn't exactly promote it when he says: "I've done a superficial book about a superficial period." Maybe. But perhaps a more apt summing-up of *Goodbye* is its last-line appraisal of the decade itself—"It was great fun. Sure."

Critic at Large

Brooks Atkinson covered Broadway for 35 years before the New York Times gave him the honorific title critic at large. But George Gelles, music critic of the Boston Herald Traveler for just two months, reached the same status last week. And he is only 27. What accounts for the sudden rise?

Years of music study, for one thing —at the Manhattan School of Music, Princeton, Brandeis and a year of graduate work at the Free University in Berlin. At Manhattan, Gelles studied under Michael Steinberg, a distinguished musicologist who now writes reviews for the Boston Globe. Like Steinberg, Critic Gelles insists upon high musical standards. Four weeks ago in the *Globe*, Steinberg chided Carlo Maria Giulini, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. If Danny Kaye or Victor Borge had conducted "with such crazed dislocation of tempo and with such prodigality in expression of tragic suffering and deep knee-bends," wrote Steinberg, "the audience would have been in stitches." Two weeks ago in the *Herald Traveler*, Gelles remarked that Guest Conductor Seiji Ozawa "has shrunk from a lightweight with charm and real elegance to a conductor whose performances are technically inaccurate and emotionally indifferent."

Friends of the symphony bridled. Several orchestra members signed an anti-Steinberg telegram to the *Globe*. The protest went unheeded. Similarly, a Symphony Orchestra board of trustees member wrote to *Herald Traveler* Publisher Harold E. Clancy expressing dismay that the paper had hired "one of [Steinberg's] young imitators. We think that perhaps the *Herald* might be in a position to alter its course."

Clancy denies that he was reacting to any pressure, but Gelles was suddenly promoted to critic at large. So far, his duties are not exactly defined; Gelles' editors have not given him any assignments. One thing is perfectly clear, though: "at large" does not include the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Echoes of the Good Old Days

One of the aftermaths of last February's demise of the *Saturday Evening Post* was the fact that the Curtis Publishing Co. had no magazines at all, while the *Post's* sister publications, *Holiday* and *Jack and Jill*, were the property of a corporate hybrid called the *Saturday Evening Post Co.* Last week some semblance of the good old days was restored when Curtis reacquired *Jack and Jill* and *Holiday*. Simultaneously, there came an echo of the era when kids could earn roller skates, baseball mitts and bikes by selling *Post* subscriptions. Henceforth, announced the November issue of *Jack and Jill*, kids who manage to talk their friends into buying subscriptions will be rewarded with the 1969 equivalent of the bike and skates: 500 Green Stamps.



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Verities Revisited

Not even the high professionalism of this Broadway production can disguise the fact that Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* was, and always will be a humanities lecture with visual aids. The principal aids are the characters, who, like the tables and chairs on the otherwise barren set, are deployed in a series of vignettes by the Stage Manager. His is the unenviable job of trying to be a Greek chorus to just folks. The lecture part of the play stresses the importance of the familiar things of life, and that each day should be savored as if it were the last. Essentially, *Our Town* says the same thing as *Hair* while keeping its pants on.

As the Stage Manager, Henry Fondra establishes the play's underlying innocence with his copyrighted brand of casual intensity. Ed Begley and Mildred Natwick as Dr. and Mrs. Gibbs and John Randolph and Irene Tedrow as Editor and Mrs. Webb never falter in their roles as small-town New England caricatures circa 1910. Likewise, Elizabeth Hartman and Harvey Evans encounter little difficulty getting their portrayals of Emily and George from the soda fountain to the play's touching cemetery scene. Unfortunately, Miss Hartman bears the burden of having to ask: "Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it?—every, every minute?" Such answers too frequently pose as questions in *Our Town* and indicate why gravestones make poor soapboxes.

High on Gin and Sin

Noel Coward pours the froth of inflection as if it were the champagne of wit. He is a connoisseur of surfaces, a scaler of the comic Everests of trivia. His plays are echo chambers of his own voice. His cool, clipped speech serves as an ironically British parody of the stiff upper lip.

Private Lives epitomizes these characteristics. It is 40 years old and as young as tomorrow evening. The present production is stylish, smart, and bubbles with frivolity. Coward creates the aura of anticipatory delight. Momentarily, one expects something scandalous to be said, something bizarre to be done, characters to be mesmerically drawn to each other and just as galvanically repulsed by each other. Just as F. Scott Fitzgerald threw iridescent parties in his novels, Coward has saturated his plays with the ambience of sophistication. One always seems to be slumping upwards at a Coward play, forever lingering on a moonlit terrace, and peeking into bedrooms that are more like ballrooms. The characters always seem to be in evening dress even when they aren't. They appear to be dancing even when crossing the room just to pour a drink.

Coward was the first laureate of the

beautiful brittle people. Amanda (Tammy Grimes) and Elyot (Brian Bedford) had been married (tempestuously), then divorced (bitterly), and meet again with new spouses on a terrace (naturally) in the South of France. The old magic still works potently, and they "elope" together—self-acclaimed wicked imps of sin and guilt. Their shunned and stunned mates (Suzanne Grossmann and David Glover) discover that they are truly meant for each other and not for Elyot and Amanda.

Stage Originals. Coward's characters are frequently mistaken for caricatures. Caricature goes to reality for a model, but Coward's people exist outside real-


CARL SANDBROCK



GRIMES AND BEDFORD IN "PRIVATE LIVES"
As young as tomorrow evening.

ity. They are stage originals. In this sense, the casting of *Private Lives* is just about perfect. Brian Bedford seems like a man who would be naked without his cigarette case, whose cigarettes, in fact, appear to be smoking him, as if he were an afterthought of his own props. Tammy Grimes seems not born of woman, but rather like a creature conjured up at a séance by some zany medium. She delivers lines as if they were exquisitely amusing slush, a kind of Churchillian mimicry: "I'm so pleezschched. Do be shenshible."

While Coward's languid worldlings endlessly assert that they are bored, irritated and weary of it all, the playwright gives them so much verve and vitality that they seem instead to have a fierce crush on life. The evening is permeated with the spirit of the '20s, gin-high, half-naughty, half-emancipated, free-souled and free-bodied—not the least piquant aspect of which is the decision of the two leading ladies to play their roles throughout *sans bras*.



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You can mix 12 oz. of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum with 1 qt. dairy eggnog mix. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream and chill. It will serve 12.

But this recipe is better. Beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hours. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Serves 24.

Try it.

We want your guests to say, "Hey. That's good. What's in it?"

PUERTO RICAN RUM

MILESTONES

Born. To Joan Baez, 28, queen of American folk music, and David Harris, 23, who started serving a three-year sentence in federal prison last July for refusing induction into the Army: their first child, a son; in Palo Alto, Calif.

Divorced. Groucho Marx, 74, most durable of slapstick's famed brothers; by Edna Marx, 38, his third wife; on grounds of mental cruelty; after 15 years of marriage, in Santa Monica, Calif. Settlement: \$21,000 alimony, \$337,000 from Groucho's TV residuals and 50% of the proceeds from the sale of their \$350,000 home.

Died. Stephen Potter, 69, the greatest contemporary gamesman of them all (see MODERN LIVING).

Died. Vicki Cummings, 50, stage and television comedienne, noted for her sardonic wit; of cancer; in Manhattan. On and off the stage, she had a voice as brassy as Ethel Merman's and a tongue as agile as Dorothy Parker's; she made her Broadway debut in 1931's *Here Goes the Bride*, scored hits in 1943's *Voice of the Turtle*, 1953's *Mid Summer* and 1966's *The Butter and Egg Man* revival, and appeared in more than 200 TV shows, most notably *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and *Burlesque*.

Died. Claude Dornier, 85, German aeronautical engineer whose career kept him in the front rank of his country's aircraft industry for five decades; in Zug, Switzerland. Dornier designed the world's first metal airplane in 1911, built thousands of bombers and fighters in both world wars, and in recent years experimented with a series of novel vertical takeoff and landing craft. But his greatest fame still stems from the mammoth DO-X flying boat built in 1929. It had twelve engines, a wingspan of 157 ft, and a passenger capacity of 169. Uneconomic though it was, the DO-X could fly the Atlantic and was the ancestor of today's even bigger jumbo jets.

Died. Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, 88, one of Soviet Communism's ranking figures for half a century; in Moscow. Voroshilov was a tireless agitator during the 1917 Bolshevik revolution, rallying workers and soldiers, helping to organize the dreaded Cheka (secret police); during the civil war that followed, he distinguished himself as one of the founders of the Red armed forces, and in 1925 was appointed Commissar of War. Blindly loyal to Stalin, in 1935 he was named a Marshal of the Soviet Union, and rose to the post of assistant chairman of the party's defense committee. With Stalin's death in 1953, he became President of the U.S.S.R., a post from which he was dismissed seven years later, after opposing Khrushchev's 1957 bid for power.



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BUSINESS

WALL STREET

No Season to Be Jolly

In the stock market, December opened as anything but the accustomed month of year-end price rallies and fat Christmas bonuses. The Dow-Jones industrial average has plunged 70 points in less than a month. Last week it broke below the 800 mark, at which all earlier slides in 1969 had been stopped. It closed at 793, the lowest level in nearly three years. For investors who had put their faith in some popular blue chips, the story was even glummer. During the week, General Electric stock sold at its lowest price since 1963; Union Carbide was the lowest since 1954, and Allied Chemical the lowest since 1950.

The drop in the Dow-Jones to below 800, which was widely heralded as an important psychological resistance point, did not touch off any heavy selling. Still, brokers drew little comfort from that fact. Some would have preferred a burst of aggressive selling that might have cleaned out the pessimists and set the stage for a price rally—instead of the fairly steady, day-by-day erosion of prices on fairly light trading volume. Prices were weak principally because investors had the feeling that inflation was not being defeated and that the Government would have to continue strangling credit and pursuing other constructive policies that risk a recession.

Unthinkable Rate. A strong case can be made that the Government is overdoing its credit tightness and that the time has come for a change. Last week, however, a Federal Reserve official said that the board is persisting with its year-old policies. Interest rates reached yet another new high when an issue of top-rated Bell Telephone System bonds sold at 9.1%. Such a rate would have been unthinkable not long ago. The U.S. may be entering an unprecedented, fairly prolonged period of high interest rates.

For next year, economists see continuing inflation, though at a slower rate. Arthur Okun, former chief of the Council of Economic Advisers, summarizes the consensus: 1970 shapes up as what could be called a 2-4-6 year—meaning 2% real growth, plus 4% inflationary growth, which would add up to a 6% gain in the gross national product. Unemployment, which unexpectedly fell in November by a half-point, to 3.4%, is expected to rise to about 4½%. By Okun's reckoning, corporate profits before taxes will decline 5% or 10%, but if Congress reduces taxes as expected (see *THE NATION*), the decline in net profits will be only 2% to 4%. That is not quite as bleak a picture as some Wall Streeters have been expecting. Even so, the continuing combination of inflation and slow growth gives investors little pre-Christmas economic news to rest them merry.



JOHN ZIMMERMAN—LIFE

NADER & RAIDERS

THE U.S.'s TOUGHEST CUSTOMER

MIDWAY through lunch, at a fashionable Washington restaurant not long ago, a young man named Ralph Nader stopped suddenly and gazed down in disgust at his chef's salad. There, nestled among the lettuce leaves, lay a dead fly. Nader spun in his chair and jabbed both arms into the air to summon a waiter. Pointing accusingly at the intruder on his plate, he ordered: "Take it away!" The waiter apologized and rushed to produce a fresh salad, but Nader's anger only rose. While his luncheon companions watched the turmoil that had erupted around him, Nader launched into a detailed indictment of sanitation in restaurants. He pointed out that flies killed by insect spray often fall into food, thereby providing customers not only with an unappetizing bonus but also with a dose of DDT—or something even stronger.

Restaurant owners had better take heed. Nader is by now an almost legendary crusader who would—and could—use a fly to instigate a congressional investigation. As the self-appointed and unpaid guardian of the interests of 204 million U.S. consumers, he has championed dozens of causes, prompted much of U.S. industry to reappraise its responsibilities and, against considerable odds, created a new climate of concern for the consumer among both politicians and businessmen. Nader's influence is greater now than ever before. That is partly because the consumer, who has suffered the steady ravishes of inflation upon his income, is less willing to tol-

erate substandard, unsafe or misrepresented goods. It is also because Nader's ideas have won acceptance in some surprising places. Last week, for example, Henry Ford II went farther than any other automobile executive ever has in acknowledging the industry's responsibility for polluting the air and asked—indeed, prodded—the Government to help correct the situation. The auto companies must develop, said Ford, "a virtually emission-free" car, and soon. Ford did not mention Ralph Nader, but it was not really necessary. Nader is widely known as a strong critic of the auto industry for, among other things, its pollution of the atmosphere.

Nader was able to force off the market General Motors' Corvair, which was withdrawn from production this year. Corvair's sales had plunged by 93% after Nader condemned the car as a safety hazard in his bestseller, *Unsafe at Any Speed*. That influential book, and Nader's later speeches, articles and congressional appearances, also forced the Department of Transportation to impose stricter safety standards on automobile and tire manufacturers.

Advocate, muckraker and crusader, Nader has also been almost solely responsible for the passage of five major federal laws. They are the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966, the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967, the Natural Gas Pipeline Safety Act, the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act and the Wholesale Poultry Products Act, all of 1968. This week

Congress will almost certainly pass the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, which Nader and a group of insurgent mine workers supported against the wishes of complacent union leadership. The act contains stiff preventive measures against working conditions that can cause black lung.

Nader was the first to accuse baby-food manufacturers of imperiling the health of infants by using monosodium glutamate, a taste enhancer that medical research shows can cause brain damage in some animals. The three largest producers of baby food have since stopped using it. In addition, Nader's repeated warnings about the dangers of cyclamates and DDT helped to nudge the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to press research that led to recent federal restrictions on their use. From witness chairs and podiums, he has also taken aim at excessively fatty hot dogs, unclean fish, tractors that tip over and kill farmers, and the dangerous misuse of medical X rays. He has revealed that some color-television sets were recalled for leaking excessive amounts of radiation. (The Federal Trade Commission has publicly warned viewers to sit at least six feet away from color tubes.)

The Erosion of Life

To many Americans, Nader, at 35, has become something of a folk hero, a symbol of constructive protest against the status quo. When this peaceable revolutionary does battle against modern bureaucracies, he uses only the weapons available to any citizen—the law and public opinion. He has never picketed, let alone occupied, a corporate office or public agency. Yet Nader has managed to cut through all the protective layers and achieve results. He has shown that in an increasingly computerized, complex and impersonal society, one persistent man can actually do something about the forces that often seem to badger him—that he can indeed even shake and change big business, big labor and even bigger Government.

"My job is to bring issues out in the open where they cannot be ignored," says Nader, chopping his hands, as he often does when he speaks. "There is a revolt against the aristocratic uses of technology and a demand for democratic uses. We have got to know what we are doing to ourselves. Life can be—and is being—eroded." To prevent that erosion, he unmercifully nags consumer-minded U.S. Senators, pushing them to pass new bills. When their committees stall, he phones them by day, by night, and often on Sundays. "This is Ralph," he announces, and nobody has to ask, "Ralph who?"

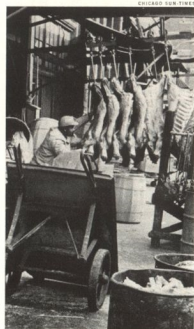
Nader today is widening his sights. A lawyer by training, he is investigating the affairs of Covington & Burling, the



DEMONSTRATION OF FLAMMABLE DOLL



CRASHED CORVAIR



MEAT-PACKING PLANT
Also, dangers in hospitals.

Washington law firm headed by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. At one time or another, Covington & Burling has numbered among its clients 200 of the nation's 500 biggest corporations, and Nader wants to determine just how much influence the firm has inside the Government. Most of all, he is probing into the affairs of ossified federal bureaucracies. "We hear a lot about law and order on the streets," he says, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "I thought we ought to find out how law and order operates in the regulatory agencies." How does it? "It doesn't."

Most Outstanding Man

He issued a report (now in hard-cover) that scaldingly criticized the FTC and called for its reorganization; recently several FTC officials have agreed with him. He is examining laxity within agencies as diverse as the National Air Pollution Control Administration and the Federal Railroad Administration,

which he says shares the blame for the fact that U.S. railways have 100 accidents a year, accounting for 2,400 deaths a year. "Regulatory agencies have failed by the most modest of standards," Nader contends, in great part because their top men are too cozy with the industries that they oversee and often use their Government jobs as stepping-stones to lucrative private careers in the same field. By his count, 75% of former commissioners of the Federal Communications Commission are employed or retained by the communications industry. This,

he charges, amounts to a "deferred bribe." Agency officials who resign their jobs, Nader contends, should be barred from accepting immediate employment in the industry that they were supposedly policing.

To multiply the manpower for his campaigns, Nader has enlisted the help of vacationing students for the past two summers. Their Zola-like zeal for investigating bureaucracies has earned them the name "Nader's Raiders." Last year there were only seven Raiders, but this year the number grew to 102 law, engineering and medical students. The Raiders, who were paid a meager living allowance (\$500 to \$1,000 for ten weeks), delved energetically into the Department of Agriculture, the Food and Drug Administration, the National Water Pollution Control Administration, occupational health agencies, the Interstate Commerce Commission and several other fiefdoms.

In anticipation of their findings, which are due to be released beginning early next year, at least one ICC official has already resigned. Meanwhile, Nader and his Raiders have accused Government authorities in general of "systematically and routinely" violating the 21-year-old Freedom of Information Act, which

is supposed to entitle public access to much federal information. "If Government officials displayed as much imagination and initiative in administering their programs as they do in denying information about them," he says, "many national problems now in the grip of bureaucratic blight might become vulnerable to resolution." In line with that philosophy, one group of Raiders last month filed a suit in federal court to force the Civil Aeronautics Board to release findings on passenger complaints. Nader expects similar suits to be filed soon against the Departments of Labor and Agriculture.

Over the long run, the inspiration that Ralph Nader is providing for young Americans may prove as important to the country as his own lone battle. The Harvard Law School newspaper has somewhat generously called him "the most outstanding man ever to receive a degree from this institution," which has counted among its graduates Oliver Wendell Holmes and Felix Frankfurter. Nader is a major hero in most law schools. Two of last summer's Raiders canvassed Texas colleges and returned with 700 applications for next summer.

Critics and Champions

Nader is not universally loved for his efforts. New Left revolutionaries condemn him because he wants to improve the economic system rather than kick it down. Businessmen complain that he is a publicity-seeking gadfly and that he can be self-righteous to the point of arrogance. His most obvious weakness is that he sometimes exaggerates for effect, as when he said that frankfurters are "among the most dangerous missiles this country produces." But many businessmen, whatever their feelings about Nader's methods, applaud his accomplishments and concede that he is an important and often valuable critic. Last month a study committee of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce deplored "the tardiness of business in responding constructively" to consumers' criticism. The committee called on sellers to "expand information regarding safety, performance and durability of products." Nader insists that he is not "anti-business" but simply "pro-people." He often jokes that he is as much a foe of the funeral industry as Jessica Mitford but that while she only wrote a book, "I'm trying to reduce the number of their customers."

Occasionally the people whom Nader is trying to help seem more resentful of his efforts than do his corporate targets. On his taxi rides through Washington, cabbies regularly berate him because they must now pay for seat belts and 28 other pieces of mandatory safety equipment. Nader sympathizes with them but argues that the automakers could reduce prices by at least \$700 per car if they would do away with costly annual style changes. Even Lyndon

continued on next page

The Lonely Hero: Never Kowtow

HIS suits are shiny, his shoe heels generally worn. The nation's No. 1 consumer guardian is a conspicuous non-consumer. Ralph Nader does not care much about goods or appearances, and his income rules out luxury. He earns nothing from most of his work and supports himself by writing magazine articles and making public speeches for fees of \$50 to \$2,500. He refuses to divulge how much he earns, lest corporations find out how many investigators, if any, he can afford to hire. He turns down occasional six-figure offers from law firms and regularly shuns pleas for product endorsements. Partly because he knows that his personal purchases might be interpreted as a stamp of approval, Nader owns no major appliances, no television set, no car. Yet he refuses to acknowledge sacrifice or unusual achievement. At a recent award ceremony in his honor, Nader gently scolded sponsors in his speech: "I should not be given an award for doing what I should be doing."

Like a man possessed, Nader has forsworn any semblance of a normal life. His workdays last 16 to 20 hours, often seven days a week. He has no secretaries, no ghostwriters, no personal aides other than his summer volunteers. Nader operates from two little-known Washington addresses and two unlisted telephones—one in the hallway outside the \$80-a-month furnished room that has been his home for the past five years, the other in his one-room office in the National Press Building. He rarely answers knocks on the door and sometimes lets the telephone ring; the surest way to reach him is to send a telegram.

Nader's feeling for duty and constant study grew out of his family upbringing in Winsted, Conn., a gracious town of 8,000. His mother Rose used to ask friends all about films showing at the local movie house and would send her four children only to the few that had useful messages. Nightly dinner was more a course in forensics than food: it often lasted four or five hours, and everyone was expected to contribute his opinions to the topic of the evening. Nadra Nader, now 77, a Lebanese immigrant who built up a moderately prosperous restaurant business, presided over these Kennedy-like sessions, and he urged the children to stand up for their rights. "Never kowtow," he taught—and they learned the lesson.

As a student at Princeton, Ralph settled into his lone, irregular life-style. Always a late-night worker, he was given a key to Woodrow Wilson Hall so that he could study after hours. He righteously refused to lend that key to envious friends who wished to visit the dark, vacant study hall with their dates.

On weekends, Nader hitchhiked out of town—just to see the U.S.—and learned, among many other things, that trucks were not built the way he and truck drivers thought they should be. For instance, a coat hanger in some truck cabs could puncture a driver's skull in case of an accident. He graduated *magna cum laude* and won a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Later, at Harvard Law School, Nader was passed over for the staff of the prestigious *Law Review*, but became editor of the school's issue-oriented newspaper. One of his articles was "American Cars: Designed for Death." After graduation, he pursued his growing interest in highway safety while working as an aide to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then an Assistant Secretary of Labor, and he later expanded his law-school article into *Unsafe at Any Speed*. The book, published in 1965, was dedicated to a friend who had been crippled in an auto accident. It is a shocking indictment of the auto industry, engineering groups, governmental agencies and traffic-safety organizations for failing to make automobiles more "crash-worthy." Written by an unknown 31-year-old, the book did not make much of an impression at first. But G.M.'s investigation into Nader's life—and the public apology to him by the president of the company—made Nader famous overnight.

A lanky six-footer who is constantly behind schedule and late for appointments, Nader can be painfully shy among strangers. When asked to give his name in hotels and on planes, he often tries to avoid recognition and replies, "Nader, initial R." He even keeps his birthday secret lest admirers send him cakes or other gifts. His driving intensity about work can sometimes trap him into hasty accusations. When economists in the Johnson Administration once met with auto industry leaders in an effort to win voluntary price restraint, Nader was too quick to accuse the Administration of "acquiescing" to Detroit. In fact, L.B.J.'s emissaries had stood their ground.

Intimates relish his flashes of dinner-table wit, which are nearly always aimed at one of the establishments he is bucking. "The people at regulatory agencies are utterly confounded when we come to investigate them," he says. "They have forgotten what citizens look like." On rare evenings out at a party, he usually leaves early to get in a couple more hours of reading, writing or phoning at his office. Though Bachelor Nader has no antipathy to girls, he rarely has the time or inclination for dates. Says his father: "We're very proud of Ralph. But we wish he would get married soon."

Johnson, who signed the 1966 auto-safety bill into law, has found some Nader innovations irritating. On a drive across his Texas ranch, L.B.J. noticed a spot on the windshield of his new Chrysler and groped for the washer and wiper knobs. Still unfamiliar with the Nader-inspired safety feature of non-protruding knobs, Johnson pawed at the dashboard in vain while he continued to drive. Utterly frustrated, he turned to a passenger and muttered: "That goddamned Nader."

The Origins of Discontent

Paradoxically, many U.S. consumers are discontented even while they are the envy of contemporary civilization—the best-fed, best-clothed, most pampered people in history. Most companies have a self-interest in promoting product safety and performance, if only to induce customers to buy and buy again. Since the large majority of consumers

tiveness. Economist Walter Heller says: "People are much more questioning of authority, including the authority of the marketplace."

Today's consumer is better educated than his forebears and thus less willing to accept the exaggerated salesmanship, misleading advertising, shoddy goods and even bits of deceit that buyers once considered natural hazards of commerce. He is justifiably confused by product guarantees written in incomprehensible legalese, by conflicting claims for chemical additives in gasoline and toothpaste, by food and soap that are packaged to defy easy comparison with the prices of competitive products. Though the poor and the uneducated are more systematically bilked than other groups, the current upwelling of consumer protest comes primarily from the comfortable middle class. The anger rises from the irritation of the telephone caller who cannot get a dial

The human costs of unsafe products and practices are even harder to measure, though Nader can almost endlessly cite alarming statistics. "Do you realize that there are 2,000,000 needless cases of salmonella food poisoning a year?" he says. "Just think of it. And that's only one aspect. Do you realize that more Americans died on the highways by mid-October of this year than have been killed in all of the Viet Nam War? Consumers are being manipulated, defrauded and injured, not just by marginal businesses or fly-by-night hucksters but by blue-chip business firms."

The bulk of complaints against business falls into four broad categories:

► **DECEPTIVE PROMOTION.** The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has reported that commercial mouthwashes—a \$212-million-a-year business—are useless for curing "bad breath," and that more than 300 other patent drug items are useless for the purposes for which they



DRAWING BY ALAN DUNN. © 1982 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"That guy Nader makes me sick."



"On the brighter side, one of our 296,000 cars with defective brakes and headlights may be purchased by Ralph Nader."

do exactly that, businessmen understandably believe that they are producing the kind of merchandise that the nation wants. The average buyer probably gets more value for \$1,000 spent in a current mail-order-house catalogue than in an edition of 50 years ago.

Nevertheless, many low-quality and hazardous goods find their way into the marketplace; too much is overpriced, and too little works right. Consumer protest groups, often led by women, have been organized in many states. Longtime consumer activists profess amazement that the public has waited so long to fight back. Until lately, amateur, part-time buyers have felt unequal to challenging professional, full-time sellers. Says Peter Drucker, author of *The Age of Discontinuity*: "We have been a very patient people by and large. Now people are fed up, and I do not blame them."

The movement that Nader fostered goes by the awkward name of "consumerism." It belongs to an age of discontent that has roiled campuses and ghettos, subjected old certitudes to new doubts and stimulated individual asser-

tone, the commuter whose dilapidated train runs 45 minutes late, or anyone at all who tries to get his auto, dishwasher or TV set properly repaired.

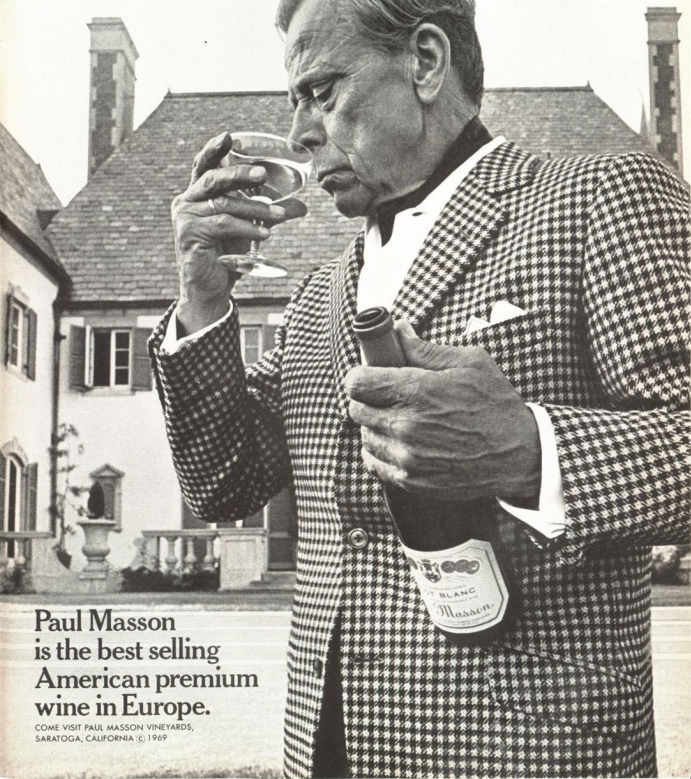
The Most Serious Theft

It is almost impossible to estimate the dollar loss to consumers through unscrupulous practices. The chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, Washington's Warren Magnuson, argues that deceptive selling is the nation's "most serious form of theft," accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement and forgery combined. An idea of its scope comes from the case of some major drug manufacturers, which have admitted entering into a long-term price-fixing scheme that netted them at least \$100 million before they were caught. Three large plumbing-fixture manufacturers were convicted not long ago, and twelve others pleaded "no contest" in a similar conspiracy involving \$1 billion worth of sinks, tubs and toilets.

are advertised. Chicago officials recently fined 121 service-station operators who had put out curbside signs advertising gasoline at one price but charged more at the pump. Another advertising abuse involves the "bait and switch" routine. Salesmen lure customers by advertising an extremely low-priced product; but when the time comes to buy, the product is "not available" and the customer is induced or coerced to accept a costlier one. In California, the attorney general's office has found this practice used by swimming-pool contractors, home-freezer-and-meat-supply operations, and by a dealer who specialized in collecting advance payments from G.I.s serving in Viet Nam.

► **HIDDEN CHARGES.** A subtler method of parting consumers from their dollars is to tack on additional, often vaguely named charges. Lenders, for example, collect "service charges" and "points" that add substantially to borrowing costs.

Europeans think they know
more about wine than anybody.
And we're in no position
to argue.



Paul Masson
is the best selling
American premium
wine in Europe.

COME VISIT PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS,
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA © 1969

Often such charges would amount to usury under state laws if they were labeled as interest, which they simply supplement. Some retailers who mail out unsolicited credit cards try passing on the high costs of collection and theft loss to their customers. Until protests from three states prompted revisions in the plan, Montgomery Ward billed charge-account customers for credit life insurance on themselves to avoid the expense of settling with the estates of deceased buyers. Unless customers specifically requested not to be enrolled in the plan, they were billed 10¢ a month on each \$100 owed. Although the charge amounted to pocket change for most persons, it was designed to pass on a major expense of Montgomery Ward's to the customers.

► **SLOPPY SERVICE.** Consumers Union, a nonprofit, private testing organization of which Nader is a board member, distributed 20 deliberately broken TV sets to New York City homes and asked neighborhood repairmen to fix them; only three of the 20 were properly serviced. Television, air-conditioner and many other repairmen commonly refuse even to look at a cantankerous appliance until they collect a substantial "estimate fee." Texas authorities have forced finance companies to return \$1,900,000 to victims of unscrupulous and outrageously sloppy home-improvement firms. Automobile repairing has broken down so badly that automakers have instituted training programs for mechanics, and are developing new gadgetry for electronic diagnosis of engine troubles.

► **UNSAFE OR IMPURE PRODUCTS.** Consumers can get information about the nutritive value and ingredients of dog food more easily than about some forms of canned meat; the chairman of the Senate Consumer Subcommittee, Utah's



VIRGINIA KNAUER
Perils of fatturters.

Frank Moss, likes to point out this discrepancy by reading the can labels to his audiences. When Consumers Union analyzed federally inspected pork sausage, inspectors found that one-eighth of the samples contained "insect fragments, insect larvae, rodent hairs and other kinds of filth." Investigators for the National Commission on Product Safety have found many potentially lethal toys on the market. Eleven Philadelphia children recently had to have tiny toy darts, which they accidentally inhaled from a plastic blowgun, removed from their lungs. Other hazards include a child's electric stove that produced temperatures of 600° and a baby's rattle that was held together with spike-like wires. Under a law signed last month, the Government can ban the sale of toys that present electrical, mechanical or heat hazards. But the law does not become effective until after the Christmas buying season, and Congress disregarded a commission recommendation that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare pretest some kinds of toys for safety. By the estimate of the Product Safety Commission, about 100,000 persons each year are injured when they walk through safety glass; yet builders have repeatedly refused to make it stand out better by marking it clearly. Nader has charged over nationwide TV that complex electronic medical equipment causes large numbers of unreported electrocutions in hospitals; doctors have estimated, he said, that anywhere from 1,200 to 12,000 patients per year are electrocuted. Official safety regulations, where they do exist, are often loosely enforced. Last month the Department of Transportation announced that one-quarter of the tires that it has tested this year failed to meet a significant test: standards origi-

inally devised by tire manufacturers themselves.

Politicians at every level of government recognize that consumerism has become a vote-catching issue. There has been a surge of activity to protect the consumer from fraud in the marketplace, and sometimes from his own bad judgment. Under a new law in Massachusetts, people who are fast-talked by door-to-door salesmen into signing contracts for unwanted goods can now cancel the deal within ten days. California's Department of Professional and Vocational Standards has instituted a television-repair inspection system that has trimmed \$15 million a year from fraudulent fix-it bills. The department tests the honesty of any suspicious repair outfit by planting deliberately broken sets in private homes; if the repairman makes unnecessary charges, his license is lifted.

The Belated Protectors

Nearly all major cities and about 22 states have created offices of consumer affairs, many of them headed by attractive and energetic women with whom housewives identify easily. The national prototype is Mrs. Virginia Knauer, 54, a Philadelphia grandmother who served as Pennsylvania's consumer adviser and last April was chosen by President Nixon to head the federal consumer program. Bess Myerson Grant, the 1945 Miss America who is now New York City's commissioner of consumer affairs, recently sent inspectors out to test restaurant hamburgers. When nearly one-third of the burgers failed to meet the city's all-beef standards, Mrs. Grant complained loudly about "shamburgers," 156 people were subpoenaed, and those found guilty were fined. During her first year as Chicago's commissioner of consumer sales, Jane Byrne issued 1,144 tickets and collected \$58,000 in fines.



BESS MYERSON GRANT
Shame on shamburgers.



JANE BYRNE
People are no longer patient.



WHEN IT SNOWS IN JACK DANIEL HOLLOW we hand-feed our ducks. Nothing else changes much.

The water in our cave spring still flows at 56°. Our Moore County neighbors still bring us fine grain. Our whiskey ages in the same gentle way and we make as much Jack Daniel's as when it is warm. You see, making good whiskey doesn't depend on good weather. What it calls for is time and patience. And, we believe, we have plenty of both here at Jack Daniel Distillery.



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CROSS Writing Instruments in Solid 14 Karat Gold. Unparalleled writing pleasure. At Better Stores Worldwide.

\$50.00 Pen or Pencil
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Some supermarkets were caught placing "cents off" labels on items that were selling at the regular price or even higher.

All too few consumer watchdogs, however, are effective. The limp performance results partly from austerity budgets and from the reluctance of many juries to convict businessmen under criminal codes. The appointees to consumer-affairs jobs frequently have little experience in government. California's Kay Valory, consumer counsel to Governor Ronald Reagan, has not testified in three years before any committee considering consumer legislation. She recently made the extraordinary recommendation that buyers shun the "very narrow" testing reports of Consumers Union in favor of the handbook of the National Association of Manufacturers.

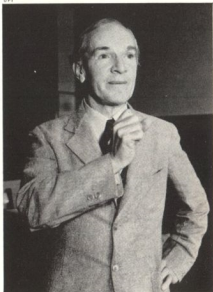
Winning in Washington

It has been left to the Federal Government to provide most of the protection for U.S. consumers. Congress has already enacted at least 20 major pieces of consumer legislation despite strenuous efforts by most industry lobbyists to defeat them. The lobbyists have been considerably more successful in keeping enforcement of the new rules to a minimum. The favorite lobbyist tactic is to persuade Congress to provide only token funds to administer new laws. Enforcement of the 1966 Fair Packaging and Labeling Act, adopted over vigorous objections from the food industry, has been all but abandoned by the FDA: it has funds to pay only two employees to do the job. The FTC initially received enough money to inform retailers of the new truth-in-lending law, effective last July 1, but not enough to enforce it.

Six weeks ago, President Nixon called on Congress to enact a "buyers bill of rights." The President declared: "Consumerism is a healthy development that is here to stay." Among other things, he proposed the establishment of a new consumer division in the Justice Department and expanded powers that would enable the FTC to seek injunctions against unfair business practices. As Nader and other consumer activists have long been demanding, the President also asked Congress to allow consumers to join together in "class action" damage suits in federal courts against errant manufacturers or merchants. If found guilty of deceptive trade practices, manufacturers would have to bear all legal fees and pay damages to all who sue. Nixon disappointed consumer advocates, however, by proposing that suits be limited to eleven specified offenses, including worthless warranties and false claims for a product. Moreover, consumers would be unable to go to court until the Justice Department had first established fraud through a lawsuit. Even Mrs. Knauer, the Administration's own adviser, wanted much broader measures. "Timid tiptoeing," complains Nader. "Politics turned the message into Swiss cheese."

Still, U.S. consumers stand an increasing chance of winning in Washington. The Veterans Administration recently agreed to make public its comprehensive test data on hearing-aid performance. Nader wants the General Services Administration, the principal federal purchasing agent, to release its vast store of product information, which includes test results on goods as varied as bed sheets and flatbed trucks. Legislation is now in preparation to 1) require producers of household poisons to render their containers "childproof" by making bottles and packages harder to open, 2) set up more stringent health rules in fish-processing plants, and 3) force manufacturers to guarantee the adequate performance of their products and live up to all claims that they make for them. A farther-reaching piece of legislation, being drafted by Senator Moss's Consumer Subcommittee, would set up an independent "consumer council" to act as the buying public's om-

UPI



UPTON SINCLAIR (IN 1938)

Armed only with law and public opinion.

budsman, Nader has advocated the idea of a Cabinet-level consumer post for years.

What makes Nader so effective today? Much of the answer lies in his lawyer's dedication to hard facts. He makes accusations almost daily that would be libelous if untrue; yet no one has ever sued him on his charges against companies or products. He collects facts everywhere—from his audiences on campus speaking tours, from obscure trade journals and Government publications, from interviews with high officials, from secret informers in public office and private industry, from thousands of letters addressed simply to "Ralph Nader, Washington, D.C." Nader receives more mail than the majority of U.S. Senators and Congressmen, reads all the letters—but can answer fewer.



D'jever see one of these things up close?

We hope not. It's a judgment roll—the frightening thing you get from the court when you lose a lawsuit. And you don't have to make a very big mistake these days to make a very expensive one.

Our "Top Brass" Policy is for people who by income, profession, or position are vulnerable to back-breaking liability judgments. People like doctors, lawyers, top corporate officers and like that.

We've made this special policy for you vulnerable ones. Not every company offers this kind of policy, and few go so high or cover so broadly.

● There's an excess major medical feature that takes over where your regular coverage leaves off. And most standard

coverage leaves off pretty early when it comes to things like kidney transplants or open heart surgery.

● Our Top Brass Policy covers suits for libel, false arrest, and malicious prosecution. (And that's the worst kind.) It also covers you if you should be sued concerning an oral or implied contract.

NOTE: This is *not* primary insurance. Only if you've already got \$50,000 or so of liability insurance are you ready for the Top Brass big time. (All the nitty-gritty details are in a brochure we'll send you if you're interested.)

A final note to poor people who may never be sued for a million. So your take home pay is less than \$25,000 a year.

Don't grieve. Do business with us anyway. We write all kinds of day-to-day important insurance: property, casualty and life. Enjoy our stability and our quiet, friendly agents who pay claims quietly, too. To call one, see the Yellow Pages.

**THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES**



Serving you around the world... around the clock
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His first inkling that all was not well with the Corvair's suspension system came from a disgruntled General Motors auto worker who wrote him a letter. In *Unsafe at Any Speed*, Nader went on to single out the sporty car's rear-suspension system as an example of hazardous compromise between engineering and styling. At certain speeds and tire pressures, or in certain types of turns, he charged, the rear wheels could "tuck under," causing a driver to lose control. G.M., which eventually redesigned the system, at first did not even recall the model for checking. But executives were disturbed enough by Nader's charges to hire a Washington law firm to look into the matter. The lawyer, in turn, engaged the Vincent Gilen private detective agency to trail Nader. Purely on a fishing expedition that was to find nothing, the agency's head urged his men to uncover what they could about Nader's "women, boys, etc." Tipped by friends that investigators were looking into his private life, Nader charged publicly that he was being harassed. G.M.'s use of grade-B spy-movie tactics was fully exposed when its president, James Roche (now chairman), was summoned before a Senate subcommittee and twice apologized to Nader for the company's investigation.

In his battle for pipeline-safety legislation, Nader secured important technical data from an engineer who was fighting the installation of a gas main near his home. He first learned of the damage that pipeline explosions could cause from a professor whom he met at an M.I.T. conference. "Sometimes the things these professors casually drop at conferences send me up the wall," says Nader.

Influence On the Law

Typical of Nader's battle style was his campaign for more stringent federal meat inspection at packing plants. While speed-reading the small print of a House report on Agriculture Department appropriations, Nader noticed that it urged "further studies" of the U.S. meat-inspection program. Did that mean that there had been earlier studies showing that the U.S. had a meat problem? Indeed it did, as Nader found out when he requested a copy of the little-known study at the Agriculture Department. "Nobody ever asked for this before," said the employee who handed it to him. The study gave graphic descriptions of conditions in some meat plants.

Now Nader had his ammunition. He sent a summary of the study to the House Agriculture Committee, which was about to hold "clean meat" hearings for the first time in eight years. He quickly wrote an article for *The New Republic* titled "We're Back in the Jungle"—a title that echoed Upton Sinclair's classic indictment of the meat industry 60 years ago, *The Jungle*. He sent press releases to newspapers located near the worst plants. As a result, Nader was deluged by letters from

meat handlers, meat buyers and anonymous Agriculture Department officials. He gave tips and new evidence to the Senate sponsor of the meat bill, Minnesota's Walter Mondale. What Nader's activity produced was the Wholesome Meat Act, which brings small, intrastate meat-packing plants under federal interstate jurisdiction.

One campaign leads to another. Many doctors who wrote Nader about meat urged him to investigate the steadily rising fat content of the venerable hot dog, which they said was contributing to heart disease. Nader found that average frank fat had increased in 15 years from 17% to 33% of the total content. The "fatfurter" campaign was on, and he now emphasizes it frequently in his speeches. Nader cultivates mutually helpful friendships among Congressmen, offering to let them take credit for his



NADER SHOPPING IN WASHINGTON
The packages defy comparison.

digging and even drafting legislative proposals for them. His chief contacts in the Senate are Magnuson, Moss, Ted Kennedy, Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire, Texas' Ralph Yarborough, Connecticut's Abraham Ribicoff and Indiana's Vance Hartke.

As a result of Nader's indictments, the Government is making many changes. "When Nader issued his report on the Federal Trade Commission, my first feeling was irritation," says an FTC commissioner, Mary Gardiner Jones. "But I feel now that the commission has pulled itself together more, and faster, than if it had not come out." Though the FTC still has a long way to go, it has lately begun to take more vigorous actions. Sample: after nearly a decade of indecision, the commission in August ordered gasoline stations and food stores that use giveaway games for promotion to inform customers as to just

how infinitesimal are their chances of winning.

Though Nader has rarely done his fighting in the courtroom, he has exerted a profound influence on the law. Before his auto-safety crusade, accident injuries were blamed on faulty drivers—not faulty cars. In order to collect damages, an accident victim was usually required to prove negligence on the part of a manufacturer. But Nader contended that automakers should build "crashworthy" cars that would not cause bodily injury in a "second collision" after the accident itself. The second-collision concept is now recognized by many courts. A 22-year-old Pennsylvania college student, who suffered permanent injury when the roof of a car buckled in an accident, recently won the right to use the "second-collision" principle in a damage suit against General Motors. U.S. District Judge John A. Fullam ruled that the roof should have been built to withstand the car's roll-over and that automakers are required "to provide more than merely a movable platform capable of transporting passengers from one point to another." Since the second-collision principle could be applicable to other products as well, manufacturers may become more safety-conscious and design their products to avoid injury in case of mishap.

The New Citizenship

The entire legal profession must be reformed, Nader maintains, if society is to alleviate its ailments. "The best lawyers should be spending their time on the great problems—on water and air pollution, on racial justice, on poverty and juvenile delinquency, on the joke that ordinary rights have become," he says. "But they are not. They are spending their time defending Geritol, Rice Krispies and the oil-import quota."

That is changing, in no small part because of Nader. Of the 39 *Harvard Law Review* editors who will be graduated next June, not one intends to join a high-paying Wall Street law firm. Instead, most plan to enter neighborhood agencies or government service—and represent the individual against the institutions. Nader believes that the rise of the youthful protester, which began in the '60s, will accelerate into the '70s. "You watch," he predicts. "General Motors will be picketed by young activists against air pollution."

Student demonstrators, he believes, will increasingly choose to become student investigators. Many of them will move to Washington and, like Nader, spend their early careers prowling among the Government filing cabinets, searching for examples of abuse and seeking means of reform in the existing system. "This is a new form of citizenship," Nader says. At heart, he is teaching the oldest form of citizenship: that one man, simply by determined complaining, can still accomplish a great deal in a free society.

**The
calculator
company
announces
its first new
products
for 1970:**

one



two



three



four

Most calculator companies introduce one new product at a time. That's great for them but not so great for their customers. Who like to choose just what they need.

Not more. Not less.

We're different.

We call ourselves The Calculator Company because calculators are our only business.

Not just a sideline. So we can't afford to be anything but best at what we do.

We're the company with the most offices, and the largest calculator service force in the country. So you can get help where and when you need it.

Our four new calculators have all the features you'd expect to find in modern electronic machines. They calculate in a fraction of a second. And they operate silently.

But that's where the similarity ends. They're small. One will fit in a standard 5" attache

case. They're logical and simple. So you don't need a degree in engineering to operate them. They've got big easy-to-read numbers and many unique features. The kind that have become a tradition at Monroe.

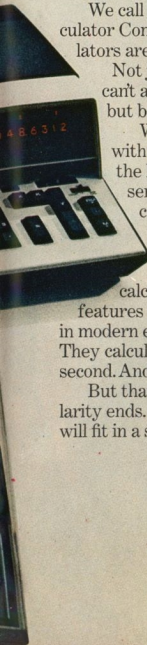
And finally, they are planned and priced so that you can choose exactly what you want in a new machine at a price that will surprise you.

But we've also got another big plus. That's the Monroe man who calls on you. We train him not just to sell but to solve problems too. He doesn't just sell you a machine and leave you alone with an instruction book.

That's because he is your instruction book. He'll train your operators or even you and make sure you get what you pay for out of your new calculator. No matter how many times he has to come back to your office.

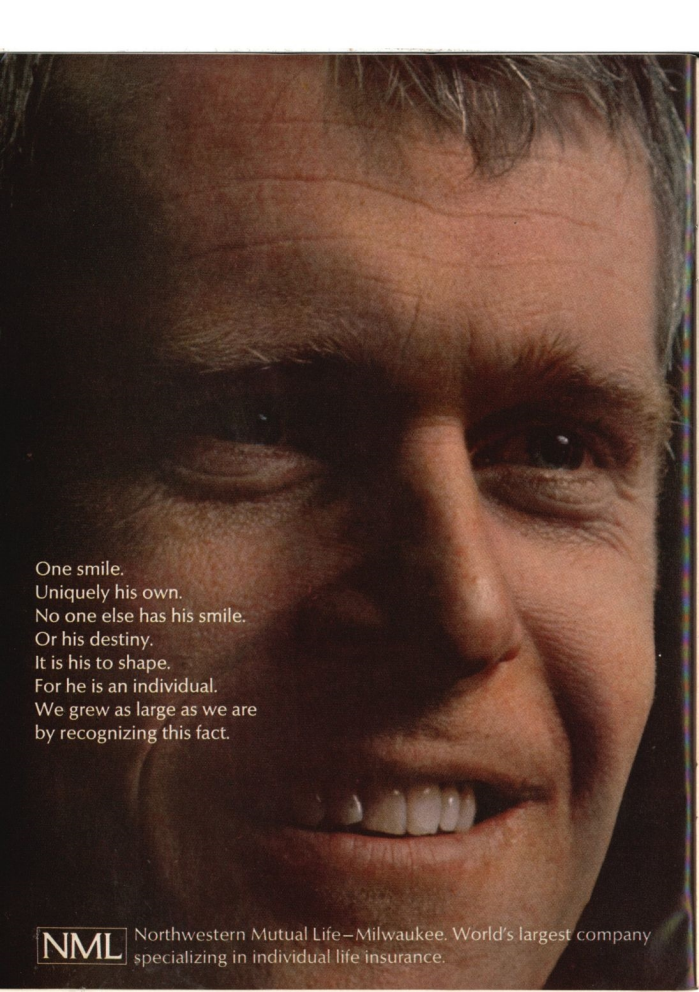
After all, what else has he got to do.

Calculators are his only business too.



Monroe, the calculator company

A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES



One smile.
Uniquely his own.
No one else has his smile.
Or his destiny.
It is his to shape.
For he is an individual.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing this fact.



Northwestern Mutual Life-Milwaukee. World's largest company
specializing in individual life insurance.

CINEMA

Burned-Out Star

Many custard pies have been thrown in the face of the silent-movie business, but few as sour as *The Comic*. If its advertisements are to be believed, the movie is simply a fond lampoon of Hollywood's pride-and-pratfall epoch. As the film unreels, it becomes in fact a furious editorial about a business that



ROONEY & VAN DYKE IN "COMIC"
Faded by sun and circumstance.

treats its veterans like overexposed celluloid.

An ex-vaudevillian, Billy Bright (Dick Van Dyke), clicks in silent two-reelers and becomes a national figure. Producer-Director-Writer Carl Reiner gives Van Dyke almost enough of this plot line to hang himself by strutting and capering in the manner of Mack Sennett's mute screwballs. Such flickering shenanigans are the most comical part of *The Comic*, but they are also the most derivative. The film gains its validity and poignance when Billy Bright reaches a crossroads and veers to the wrong. Sound movies are bunk, he decides, and abruptly the humor fades to black.

The industry grows up: Billy grows old. Sans hair, sans teeth, sans wives, sans everything, Billy Bright wanders from park bench to wheelchair replaying his memories to another burned-out star, Cockeye (Mickey Rooney). But Billy is no screen-size Paggiacci. Instead, he proves to be a garrulous embarrassment who keeps popping up on TV commercials and late-night talk shows. Audiences had thought him long dead; now they wish he were.

The Comic is damaged by Sunday Supplement color and cutting that might have been done with garden shears. Perhaps as a consequence, Columbia Pictures decided to hold it at arm's length, a flop to be forgotten. A flop, perhaps. Forgotten, hardly. For *The Comic* contains the most ambitious performance of Van Dyke's career, a resolutely unglamorous close-up of a string-necked, right-wing An-

gelo, faded by sun and circumstance.

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely unmistakable. In appearance, Cockeye obviously recalls Ben Turpin, and Billy Bright subtly evokes Buster Keaton. In actuality, the melancholy story is closest to that of the late Stan Laurel. The bitterness of *The Comic* arises from an incident in 1963, two years before Laurel's death, when Van Dyke decided to mimic Stan in his TV series. "We wanted to pay him for the rights to use his character," recalls Reiner, then producer of the show. "And we found that the rights belonged to another human being. The rights to the man's own personality! It was easy to get angry after that." It is to Reiner's credit that he was able to propel his anger with so much force. It is to his studio's debit that for the film's first run Reiner was not able to fling it farther than second-run movie houses.

An Evening Without Woody

Woody Allen may well be the funniest man in America. But he is not the funniest writer in America, and between the two titles lies a profound gap. At the bottom of the gap is *Don't Drink the Water*, the film version of Woody's first stage play.

When he appears in his own Broadway comedy (*Play It Again, Sam*) or his own film (*Take the Money and Run*), Allen fleshes out the jittery image of Everymanic-depressive. Inanimate objects become his sworn enemies, paranoia reigns and everyone becomes a Woody worshiper. But *Don't Drink the Water* is minus the man—as adapter and actor—and the result is the lesser half of a situation comedy.

A Newark caterer named Walter Hollander (Jackie Gleason) and his family (Estelle Parsons and Joan Delaney) find themselves aboard a hijacked plane. Bound for Paris, it lands instead in Eastern Europe, where the Hollanders are charged with spying. "First no movie in the plane and now this!" moans the wife. "Nobody can be dragged out and shot," counters the suspicious junior American ambassador (Ted Bessell), "without written consent of the American Government." But from this intriguing negative nothing develops. Gleason merely settles in for an extended *Honeymooners* skit, swinging on the billingsgate with his wife and rolling fried-egg eyes skyward at every silence.

Until the substandard chase and rescue, the gagwriters resort to Edsel/Agnew jokes and mad bolsheviks. The junior ambassador tries to make clumsiness funny, bumping into chairs and stammering in search of laughs. The cause of his trouble, he claims, was having a famous ambassador for a father. Whenever Junior misbehaved, Mom hit him with an issue of *Time* with Dad on the cover. Viewers are free to make similar use of this copy on the makers of the movie.

Feline Frisson

Melodrama is alive and well in Paris. *La Femme Infidèle* is a smooth, elegant, feline exercise in psychological suspense, devoted to the proposition that the old formulas, if not the best, are still more entertaining than most.

Director Claude Chabrol, a disciple of Hitchcock, shoots more for nuance than for frisson. It is his wily variations on a hoary theme that give *La Femme Infidèle* its own small distinction. A wealthy Parisian insurance man (Michel Bouquet) takes casual note that his supple young wife (Stephane Audran) acts rather nervous when he interrupts her on the telephone. He engages a private detective to follow her on her shopping trips to Paris and has his worst suspicions quickly confirmed: she is having an affair. Her paramour is a writer (Maurice Ronet) who lives mostly off his "independent means." The husband pays the lover a visit at his pad.

"Tell me, is she good?" the husband inquires softly over a glass of bourbon. The lover looks astonished. "You seem to have a very nice apartment. Could I see it?" "Are you a little perverse?" the lover asks dubiously, but he takes his visitor on a tour. The sight of an old anniversary present in the lover's bedroom is too much even for the husband's reserve. He seizes a piece of sculpture, beats the lover to death, and disposes of the corpse like a sanitation man hauling away the weekend debris. The husband's fate is irrevocable, of course, but watching him along the way to his comeuppance is worth the slight comedown of the denouement.

Chabrol edits his film like Hitchcock, cutting to unexpected angles for jarring surprise effect, and stages a body disposal scene that is reminiscent of *Psycho*. The performances are restrained and electric with tension, like the film itself. *La Femme Infidèle* does not have the full impact of the master's touch, but at least it demonstrates the benefits of the Hitchcock tutelage.



STEPHANE AUDRAN IN "LA FEMME"
Exercise in suspense.

BOOKS

Long Live the Duke

BOMARZO by Manuel Mujica-Lainez. 573 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10.

The figures chiseled out of Etruscan boulders include a 19-ft.-high elephant crushing a warrior in its trunk, a giant dismembering a man, a goddess with each pubic hair clearly delineated, and a 20-ft. satanic head whose mouth opens into a large chamber. These overwhelming creations are 50 miles north of Rome. It is known only that they were carved between 1555 and 1585 at the command of Duke Pier Francesco Orsini.

But are they part of a kinky Renaissance Disneyland for a bored nobleman or projections of a tortured soul?



GIANT OGRE AT BOMARZO
A Doge's Palace of the mind.

When he visited Bomarzo, Argentine Art Critic and Writer Manuel Mujica-Lainez opted for the latter. He had, moreover, an odd feeling of having been there before—perhaps in another life.

Combining a scholar's passion for detail with a novelist's fertile imagination, Mujica-Lainez set about constructing from the few known facts a sumptuous, fictional Doge's Palace of the mind. Like that famous seat of the Venetian Republic, whose ceiling, walls and floors constitute a convulsion of visual splendor, Bomarzo's pages glitter with descriptions of processions, land and naval battles, landscapes, a courtesan's sultry rec room and a cabalist's murky study.

Mujica-Lainez conveys not only the well-known creative energies of the Renaissance but its less understood anxieties as well. Unmoored from the sureties of medieval order, the leisured man and the artist of the 16th century sought comfort in personal style. Every inch of space had to be embellished. Empytness and simplicity were troubling reminders of a yawning eternity.

Mujica-Lainez focuses this aesthetic

and religious conflict in the mind and body of Bomarzo's Duke Orsini. He recreates him as a hunchback who tells the story of his life as an omniscient observer, not only aware of his own time but of events from the time of his death until the present. Mujica-Lainez's implication is clear: Orsini's true immortality resides not in the few historical facts and artifacts we know but in his re-creation as a fictional character.

Bomarzo's Orsini combines Gothic deformity with a beautiful, refined face and a graceful pair of Tintoretto hands. Yet it is Orsini's genetic baggage, "the rucksack of my misfortune," that shapes his soul. In his childhood, the hump fostered his father's disdain and his brother's malice. When he was a youth, it caused impotence and self-disgust as Orsini had to view it multiplied in a harlot's mirrored chamber.

Like Philoctetes' stinking wound—a classical symbol of the relationship between art and abnormality—Orsini's back is the burden of his genius. It compels him to refine everything into art, including cruelty and murder. He even lays a beautifully cunning trap to secure an heir by mating his brother with his wife. Ironically, this perverted, successful stratagem restores his own potency. A brood of his own follows—including another hunchback.

But procreation, high fashion and grand frescoes prove too ephemeral for Orsini. Only the stone of Bomarzo could preserve his suffering and redeem his miserable existence. "Love, art, war, friendship, hope, and despair—everything would burst out of those rocks in which my predecessors had seen nothing but the disorder of nature." It is an outcry that invites both admiration and pity, a strong but unstable mixture that Mujica-Lainez keeps bubbling with an alchemist's patient intensity.

Like alchemy, Bomarzo is based upon a richly human and dramatic scheme of symbolism and metaphor. It does not create any real gold, but fine fiction has always been essentially a ritual of appearance.

Where the Laughs Came From

NOTES ON A COWARDLY LION by John Lahr. 394 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

Later this season, when Dorothy and her friends again gather in Oz on their annual TV rerun, only the singing of *Over the Rainbow* will be more fondly familiar to Americans than the sight of the Cowardly Lion in his boxer's stance, hopelessly spluttering "Put 'em up. Put 'em uuuup." Bert Lahr played the lion, of course, and like all his performances, it bore the mark of a unique talent. Most comedians rely principally on their tongues, and Lahr's scratchy voice, wobbling warble and gongong, gongong gongong earned their share of laughs. But his very special gift was a capacity to turn

body English into a complete, expressive grammar of feeling. From his bulbous nose and porridge face to his spindly legs, the controlled disarray of Lahr's features and physique could point up ludicrous resonances even in a simple hello. Lyricist Johnny Mercer once wrote Lahr: "This is the first time I've ever seen a performer do my material better than I meant it. You find laughs where the laughs aren't even there."

Discovering where the laughs came from is the undeclared aim of this biography. Lahr himself professed not to know. "Put me in a jockstrap and if I entertain people for two hours—it's a good show," he once said. "I'm not an artist, I'm in business. If it's a hit, that's all I care about." Another time, speaking about his dramatic abilities, he said, "All I know is how to do it. I can't articulate." In hopes of doing better, John



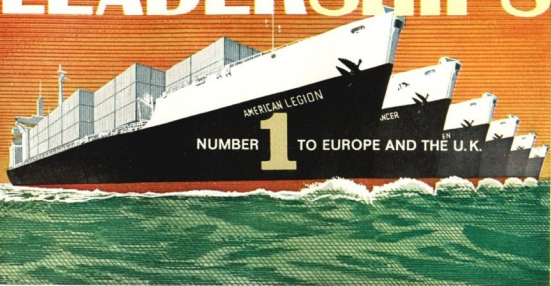
LAHR IN OZ
A special feeling for body English.

Lahr, his son and biographer, has endeavored to display the man by somewhat disjointedly laying out the surface facets of his personality, much as a dresser might have laid out Lahr's costume changes. In dealing with his father young Lahr, who is a drama critic (*Evergreen Review*), manages to seem both revealingly intimate and inconclusive in his analysis, suggesting that the real man was unknowable or perhaps not there.

There is no glossing over the facts of Lahr's private life, for instance. But it is so flecked with tragedy as to seem almost unreal. This is how it went: At the start, a poor Bronx childhood, dropout from school, succession of odd jobs and petty thieving. Then Lahr tries burlesque just for fun and is hooked ("I would have done 20 shows a day. It was like a shot of—dope? Adrenalin?"). He rises to vaudeville, lives with and eventually marries his act partner, reaches Broadway while at home his wife is going insane ("She laughed at me, John. Laughed when I was making love to her"). Reluctantly, Lahr has her committed, almost simultaneously scores a smash hit in his first

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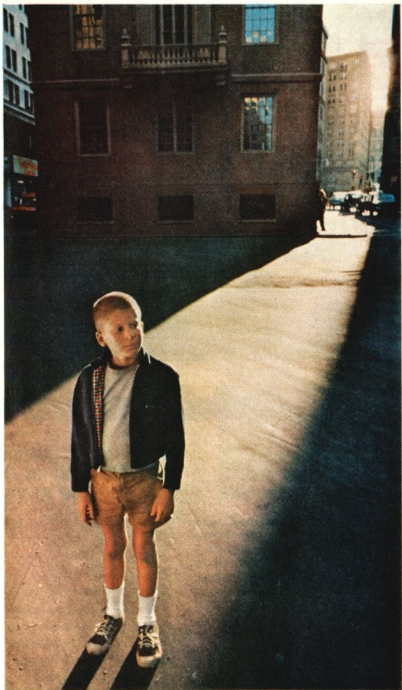
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Be sure to watch "The West of Charles Russell" on NBC-TV Wednesday evening, January 7.

book show and takes up with a nymphomaniac tramp ("I don't know why, John, you see I was reaching for something . . . I was all mixed up. Success, disaster—I had everything"). Eventually, he finds the right girl but is so gun-shy that she marries someone else; then he pursues her until she gets a divorce after he is sued for alienation of affections in a headline scandal. He marries her, has two kids, continues as a Broadway star, gets on *TIME*'s cover but can't make it really big in radio, TV or movies (except for *Oz*). He wins a huge artistic success in *Waiting for Godot* as his stage career dims, and finally—oh, irony—makes the biggest money of his life (\$75,000 a year) pushing Lay's Potato Chips on TV commercials. Until at final fadout with cancer (his hypochondriac nightmare came true), nurse bends over and sees him inaudibly whispering an old comedy routine.

This chronicle is often retrieved from corniness by touching moments and memories that allow young Lahr to mold humanity around the trite-tragic skeleton that his father's life seems to have been. For instance, there is Lahr as a budding vaudevillian putting make-up on his collar even when unemployed so everyone will know he is in show biz. One is touched by the physical fact that his left wrist was permanently larger than the right from breaking repeated patfalls. And a fine moment comes when a wino outside the theater holds out a dollar saying "Here, Bert, and thanks." As a young intellectual, John Lahr is eloquent, too, about his father's final sense that he did not understand the modern world around him. Unfortunately, such moments only emphasize the fact that the book never reaches the secret of the genius that prompted the drunk's gratitude and Lahr's fame. The book does successfully summon up the private Bert Lahr and the backstage world in which he lived, but as his son would probably admit, the best way to know the man through and through was to see him onstage. As with most famous performers, the masque, finally, was the man.

Adam in the Wilderness

AUDUBON: A VISION by Robert Penn Warren. 32 pages. Random House, \$4.

Youthful, but already elegantly disillusioned, Poet-Critic Allen Tate once dedicated a poem to a more zealous fellow poet. Its title was *To a Romantic*. Its two most significant lines:

You think the dead arise/Westward and fabulous.

That was over 40 years ago. But the poet, Robert Penn Warren, now 64, a double Pulitzer winner for poetry (*Promises*) and prose (*All the King's Men*), is still a believer in the resurrected, the Westward and the fabulous.

Audubon: A Vision is the mature fruit of Warren's triple poetic preoccupation—and a little masterpiece. In

it Warren defiantly turns his back on this grubby century, on what he calls this "moment of mania," and plunges back into the wilderness—America's Garden of Eden—to retell a primal myth. In a sequel of seven comparatively short poems, he takes Naturalist and Bird Painter John James Audubon as a kind of frontier Adam, sketching in his 19th century life as a drama of innocence, guilt and final redemption.

"What is man but his passion?" the opening poem asks, and Audubon first materializes spellbound by a white heron—as innocent in his passion as the proverbial noble savage. But even in the pure heart of the wilderness, Audubon runs across a romantic poet's notion of evil: other men. And Audubon's passion evolves toward a second level of meaning as Christian suffering.

Robert Penn Warren makes the melodramatic most of a bird-beaked Ken-



AUDUBON BY HIS SON (1845)
What is man but his passion?

tucky-frontier mother and her two sons who in 1811 actually gave refuge to Audubon, then plotted to murder him for his gold watch. The three rogues are thwarted and promptly hanged. As they choke on their ropes—bunglers at death as at life—Warren's Audubon unsentimentally identifies with them. In the all-embracing fraternity of failure, Audubon in some sense shares their guilt and their punishment. Now as reconciled to man as he has all along been to nature, Audubon goes on to his own fulfillment, to his "glory"—a favorite Warren word. Truly "Westward and fabulous," the painter's vision is shadowed only by the poet's darkly romantic hindsight on what was to follow: the Civil War and that other bugaboo of the Southern soul, industrialization.

Audubon is a superbly sensuous poem, full of dawns "redder than meat," and chimney smoke that "bellies the ridge-pole." The language is plain-grits as a

folk song without being folksy. A beginning-of-the-world awe broods over the work: silence, solitude, finally the violence that ruptures both. Above the wilderness soar Audubon's birds, transcendent angels of life and death.

In a dazzling ode to the birds, Warren manages to compress a poetic epitaph for Audubon as well as a capsule apology for the endlessly seeking, destroying and atoning destiny of all artists, of man himself:

*Their footless dance
Is of the beautiful liability
of their nature.
Their eyes are round, boldly convex,
bright as a jewel,
And merciless. They do not know
Compassion, and if they did,
We should not be worthy of it . . .*

*He slew them, at surprising distances,
with his gun.
Over a body held in his hand, his
head was bowed low,
But not in grief,
He put them where they are, and
there we see them:
In our imagination.
What is love?
One name for it is knowledge.*

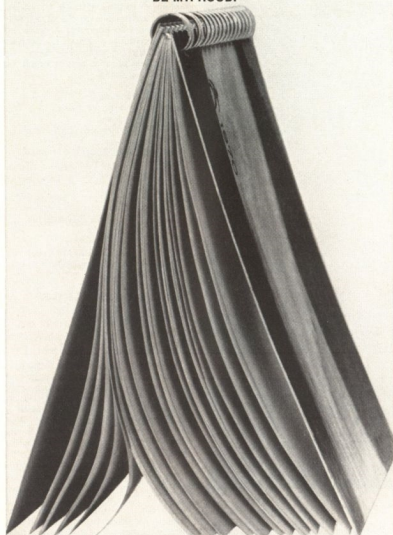
Present Imperfect

HIND'S KIDNAP by Joseph McElroy. 534 pages. Harper & Row, \$8.95.

Joseph McElroy's startling first novel, *A Smuggler's Bible*, was about a man trying to invent a world and then smuggle himself into the lives of his invented and remembered populace. In the author's second novel, *Hind's Kidnap*, the protagonist is obsessed by the search for a kidnapped four-year-old child, as well as a hunt for clues to his own early background, and the attempt to dekidnap himself and all his friends who have been stolen away from their childhood into an adopted adulthood. The excellent but dumfoundingly prolix result is an often funny, painfully intense psychological detective story filled with Double-Crostics, Nabokovian word games and revelations that tantalizingly obscure as much as they reveal.

Prompted by notes left in his mailbox by an old crone, Jack Hind renews the quest he had abandoned for Hershey Laurel, a suburban family's kidnapped child. Curiously, the clues all lead to Hind's friends and then back to his own wife and child, whom he has neglected, and finally back to an exploration of himself. Hind, self-consciously tall at 6 ft. 7 in., does not know his own parents and was brought up by a guardian whose strict moral precepts still order his life. Perhaps this is why Hind gradually comes to think of himself as the savior of what McElroy calls the "placental" city. Hearing the police emergency siren, Hind "imagined vehicles fading to the side to give way, his own long arms stretching over the heights and depths of the city to what-

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ever injured or dead or suicidal person or persons the truck was going to."

Hind becomes the almost ludicrous pursuer of a lost cause whose tangled effects obfuscate his thinking. Clues ravel in his memory until the past becomes present and all of life is poured into one densely occupied moment. "Hooked with a wood into the forest, it will lead you well beyond the pier," states one clue. Does it refer to the golf course owned by Hind's friend Ashley Sill, where one may hook the ball into the trees? Or does it mean the huge fish-hook stuck in the ironwood outside the Laurel home, from where Hershey was taken? Or does it refer to his friends Dewey Wood and de Forrest? Most of his acquaintances have the names of plants or trees: Maddy Beecher, Oliver Plane, Ivy Bowles, Lief Lund, John Plante, Cassia Meaning. Or is Cassia Meaning a pun on catch ya meaning? The word plays are both frivolous and serious, representing "the mind's fierce fuss, forever discontinuous."

It is just that discontinuity that Hind seeks to solve, finally turning away from the kidnap because he realizes that if he continues, he will have to use his friends as means, presenting them as exhibits in his case against the world. Instead, he resolves to start all over by pursuing them as ends in themselves—tracing out the lost person in each one, until the crime is uncovered and the child in each is freed.

It requires dedication and patience to follow the trail of Hind's windings and unwindings, though the reader's kidnaped hours are in the end handsomely ransomed. Along the way, it is often difficult to see de Forrest for the trees—even with, or from, what McElroy calls "Hind's height."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Godfather, Puzo (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (7)
3. The House on the Strand, du Maurier (2)
4. The Inheritors, Robbins (3)
5. The Seven Minutes, Wallace (4)
6. Puppet on a Chain, MacLean
7. In This House of Brede, Godden (6)
8. The Love Machine, Susann (5)
9. The Promise, Potok (8)
10. The Andromeda Strain, Crichton (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinnis (1)
2. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull (2)
3. Present at the Creation, Acheson (3)
4. Ambassador's Journal, Galbraith (4)
5. Prime Time, Kendrick (9)
6. The Collapse of the Third Republic, Shiner (5)
7. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser
8. The American Heritage Dictionary
9. My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy, Gallagher (6)
10. My Life and Prophecies, Dixon and Noorbergen (7)



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